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Confessions of an AMATEUR SEAMSTRESS

By EDITH SOUIER

There comes a time in the early autumn when I feel that I must have a dress at once. Having "absolutely nothing to wear," I go to my favorite store to buy a ready-made frock.

And then, midway in the aisle of the dress materials, half-way between the velvets and the velours, it happens!

"You ought to charge admission," he says, and chuckles. "What's an aquarium got that you haven't?"

I COME face to face with the display of wool prints, all "pure dye and a yard wide," lush with ships' anchors, green peppers, rampant tiger-lilies, and mumpy polka dots.

Guiltily I recall my last creative splurge. The one I wore twice and left on the porch in the box of things for the Salvation Army.

I take the material firmly between thumb and finger.

Then, throwing caution to the winds, I claw through the bolts with wild abandon, and—there it is! I snatch it up, drape it across the others and stand back.

Cunning little mud-colored tadpoles, their tails in their mouths, proceed diagonally across a brackish green background towards an occasional soiled water-lily which supports a pompous bullfrog remarkably like Mussolini in face and figure.

Then out of the dim past I seem to hear my own voice saying earnestly, "Don't ever let me make another dress." With one last long look I start for the lift and the ready-to-wear.

But the pattern counter looms up in my path. I pause for a moment "to see what trends to look for in a ready-made garment."

Thumbing through a book of gorgeous creations pictured on glamorous creatures six feet tall and modishly emaciated, I suddenly pause and freeze to a point.

Before me is a pattern made for the tail-biting tadpoles. Its lines are subtle. It has the latest sleeve and a divine something around the neck that the description calls a "plastron."

Looks simple, too, a seam here and some shirring there. No tailored buttonholes, slashed pockets or notched revers.

My subconscious mind is made up. **Standing before a triple mirror in the cream of the ready-mades, I can see nothing but the tadpoles softly draped in a plastron.**

I retire to a cafeteria counter and over a cup of coffee and ten finger-nails I mentally figure the cost of the print. Four yards at 5/11, the pattern 1/6, buttons—about 25/- all told.

Well, that settles it!

I enter upon a spree of buying that is fraught with minor annoyances.

The pattern first—it develops that it's a very special one at 3/6.

They don't have it in my size either, but I can easily manage by taking a pleat here and there.

Hum—takes five and one-half yards of material—all that fullness in the skirt.

Then sleeve padding, snap fasteners, thread, seam-binding tape and—buttons.

My cup of creative joy slops over on the haberdashery when my eye falls upon the buttons—miniature canoes—perfect with my autumn replica of "Marine Life on the Mud Creek." A shilling each and the pattern calls for ten of them.

I go into my multiplication tables again—oh, well, the dress is still going to be cheap and anyone knows that the home dressmaker almost invariably spoils her efforts with inferior trimmings.

I retire again to the cafeteria to take inventory. The bills total £2/14/8½—that can't be right!

Frantically I add it up again. It is! I console myself that at least I'll have a dress that I couldn't buy in any shop at any price. Further developments prove me right.

I say nothing of my purchases at home that evening. What husbands don't know won't hurt them, and it would be just like a man to remind one, "But you told me not ever to let you make a dress again!"

Somehow next day the pattern doesn't look so smart. I begin to wonder if the gingerbread at the neck and the fullness in the hips are just the things for my figure.

I unfold the pattern. Good Heavens! Thirty-two pieces—including the plastron front, plastron back, plastron side front, plastron side back and plastron facings!

The directions are confusing enough: *"baste small dots a, aa and aaa along line of large dots b, bb and z; fastening double notch c with bias binding previously made when blind-stitching armhole YY, pleating back to form gores where shirring meets plastron lining G,"* and so on . . .

At 2 p.m. the annual bout with the sewing-machine begins. The thread knots, the belt slips, the tension refuses to tighten and the needle breaks.

At three, after many false starts and much ripping out, the thing is ready to try on for the first time.

Weary, worn, and mentally addled, I pull the garment down over my hips. It fits like a circular shower curtain, not touching me anywhere.

Horrified, I recall that I forgot to take up the pattern. I pin the seams on both sides, baste it all over again and cut off the surplus.

Again I try it on. It's a bit tight now, but I was going to diet, anyway. The plastron doesn't fit exactly, and the shirring seems to come in the wrong place—but it isn't really bad.

At the end of the third day the dress is finished and so am I.

After dinner I put it on, powder my nose, smooth my hair and timidly enter the living-room, where my best friend and severest critic relaxes after a hard day.

He looks up from his paper questioningly.

He takes in the tadpoles, the water-lilies, the bullfrogs and the canoes. He chuckles.

"You ought to charge admission," he says. "What's an aquarium got that you haven't? Turn around, let's see the back."

I obey. There is a choking sound behind me, and he collapses in his chair. "Have a look at the back," he gasps.

Frantically, I fly upstairs, snatch up a hand mirror, and back up to my dressing-table. The design in the whole back is upside down!

The bullfrogs appear to hang by their heels from the underside of inverted water-lilies!

The effect is ludicrous! I have hysterics!

A half-hour later I bathe my eyes and go downstairs.

"Don't ever," I begin, "don't ever let me make another dress!"

She had no sales resistance—but there was nothing wrong with her sense of humor.

I UNFOLD the pattern. Good heavens! Thirty-two pieces.

I RETIRE to the cafeteria to take inventory. The bills total £2/14/8½. Frantically I add them up again.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

BRIGADIER W. B. SIMPSON

. . . the Law with the Army.

CHIEF Judicial Officer with the A.I.F. is Brigadier W. B. Simpson, of Sydney, recently appointed Deputy Judge Advocate General on the Headquarters of the A.I.F. abroad. In this capacity he is the final Court of Appeal on all trials for military offences.

First member of the legal profession to be granted the rank of brigadier, Brigadier Simpson has been Chief Legal Officer at Eastern Command since the outbreak of war. He served with the A.I.F. in the last war.

MISS VERA WATTS

. . . useful trade

MUNITION worker in England is Miss Vera Watts, of Melbourne. Arriving in London just before the war Miss Watts took up nursing, but later volunteered for munition work.

She writes to her sister in Melbourne: "After doing a course in engineering I am working in an armament factory. A far cry from nursing, but important national work, and a useful trade to know! We work twelve hours daily."

MR. J. G. WINANT

. . . met by King

FIRST ambassador to the Court of St. James to be personally met by the King on arrival in England is the new United States Ambassador to Britain, Mr. J. G. Winant.

Mr. Winant, who resembles Abraham Lincoln in appearance and character, has for many years been a close and trusted friend of British Labor leaders. In post-war administration his knowledge of Labor's viewpoint will be of first importance to his Chief.

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KITTY FOYLE

OUR SERIAL . . . a profoundly moving story in which a modern girl lays bare the inmost secrets of her heart . . .

by

Christopher Morley

WHO'S WHO IN "KITTY FOYLE"

KITTY herself. She tells of her life from early childhood in their humble Philadelphia home. Because her deep love keeps him constantly in her thoughts, Kitty refers often to

WYNNEWOOD STRAFFORD ("Wyn"), son and heir of one of Philadelphia's most exclusive families. In her early childhood, Kitty keeps house with the help of

MYRTLE, faithful colored servant, for her adored POP and brother MAC. Later, she goes to Illinois to stay with

UNCLE ELMER and AUNT HATTIE, and chums up with MOLLY SCHARF, a schoolmate, who becomes her lifelong friend.

NOW READ ON:

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

IT'S awfully important for kids to feel some sort of routine and security behind them, and certainly I had that with Uncle and Auntie. There wasn't any of the uncomfortable feeling that the household was different the way I had back at home.

There never were people more regular than Uncle and Auntie; the fact they never had any children made them specially fixed in habits of all sorts, though Uncle Elmer enjoyed thinking of himself as very unconventional. He really had a notion that it was just some original kink of his own that made him want to do things exactly the way everybody else did them.

I think about that a good deal, because I make my living now by trading on women's herd instincts, and I can see how useful it is for them to think they're exercising their own choice when actually they're simply falling in line with what some smart person has doped out for them.

There are quite a lot more clever people in the world than you might suppose; particularly working on women; and merchandisers have learned to put ideas in people's heads without their having the slightest guess where those ideas come from. I've taught myself a lesson, or I hope I have. When I find myself thinking something I stop a minute and ask myself: Now who had it all figured out beforehand that was the way they wanted me to think?

I could see all this working out beautifully with good old Aunt Hattie, who was a pushover for any kind of thought-germ that was floating around. Some handsome Frenchman in a tail-coat would turn up to give a course of lectures at the college on Intellectual Women of the Eighteenth Century, and Aunt Hattie and Mrs. Weissenkorn would round up the culture-bearing mammals to sit on the college chairs.

Aunt Hattie always supposed it was just some special fortune for Manitou that such lovely things should happen; she would be horrified if she knew it had likely been doped out by some propagandist, for his own special ends.

Sure, you can figure it one way or the other; you may be wrong either way, but I do like my mind to have two-way stretch. As Wyn used to say, everybody has a Public Relations counsel—except the public.

But I'm back at breakfast time, and good old Lena (another Swede; Uncle Elmer's Swedish odd-job boy, Bernie, was some kin of hers) has packed us full of sausage and spoonbread. It's quite a hike down to school. I call for Molly who's probably waiting on her porch. We try to make an early start if we can go, so as to duck Trudy Weissenkorn, poor kid, who lies in wait for us a little further down, but usually she spots us. The dog Pat sometimes walks with us as far as the Santa Fe grade-crossing, but he knows he's not supposed to cross the railroad.

A milkman's matinee, Molly called it—coffee and confidences at midnight.

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Absolutely Elsewhere

Unusual mystery story, featuring Peter Wimsey, the crack amateur detective . . .

LORD PETER WIMSEY sat with Chief-Inspector Parker, of the C.I.D., and Inspector Henley, of the Baldock police, in the library at The Lilacs.

"So you see," said Parker, "that all the obvious suspects were elsewhere at the time."

"What do you mean by 'elsewhere'?" demanded Wimsey, peevishly. Parker had hauled him down to Wapley, on the Great North Road, without his breakfast, and his temper had suffered.

"Do you mean that they couldn't have reached the scene of the murder without travelling at over 186,000 miles a second? Because, if you don't mean that, they weren't absolutely elsewhere. They were only relatively and apparently elsewhere."

"For heaven's sake, don't go all scientific. Humanly speaking, they were elsewhere, and if we're going to nail one of them we shall have to do it without going into contractions and coefficients of spherical curvature. I think, Inspector, we had better have them in one by one, so that I can hear all their stories again.

"You can check them up if they depart from their original statements at any point. Let's take the butler first."

The Inspector put his head out into the hall and said: "Hamworthy."

The butler was a man of middle age, whose spherical curvature was certainly worthy of consideration. His large face was pale and puffy, and he looked by no means well. However, he embarked on his story without hesitation.

"I have been in the late Mr. Grimbold's service for twenty years, gentlemen, and have always found him a good master. He was a strict gentleman, but very just. I know he was considered very hard in business matters, but I suppose he had to be that. He was a bachelor, but he brought up his two nephews, Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Neville, and was very good to them.

Illustrated by FISCHER

"In his private life I should call him a kind and considerate man. His profession? Yes, I suppose you would call him a moneylender.

"About the events of last night, sir, yes. I shut up the house at 7.30 as usual. Everything was done exactly to time, sir—Mr. Grimbold was very regular in his habits. I locked all the windows on the ground floor, as was customary during the winter months. I am quite sure I didn't miss anything out. They all have burglar-proof bolts, and I should have noticed if they had been out of order.

"I also locked and bolted the front door and put up the chain."

"How about the conservatory door?"

"That, sir, is a patent lock. I tried it, and saw that it was shut. No, I didn't fasten the catch. It was always left that way, sir, in case Mr. Grimbold had business which kept him in town late, so that he could get in without disturbing the household."

"But he had no business in town last night?"

"No, sir, but it was always left that way. Nobody could get in without the key, and Mr. Grimbold had that on his ring."

"Is there no other key in existence?"

"I believe"— the butler coughed—"I believe, sir, though I do not know, that there is one, sir—in the possession of—of a lady, sir, who is at present in Paris."

"I see. Mr. Grimbold was about sixty years old, I believe. Just so. What is the name of this lady?"

"Mrs. Winter, sir. She lives at Wapley, but since her husband died last month, sir, I understand she has been residing abroad."

"I see. Better make a note, of that, Inspector. Now, how about the upper rooms and the back door?"

"The upper-room windows were all fastened in the same way, sir, except Mr. Grimbold's bedroom and the cook's room and mine, sir; but they couldn't be reached without a ladder, and the ladder is locked up in the tool-shed."

"That's all right," put in Inspector Henley. "We went into that last night. The shed was locked and, what's more, there were unbroken cobwebs between the ladder and the wall."

"I went through all the rooms at half-past seven, sir, and there was nothing out of order."

"You may take it from me," said the Inspector, again, "that there was no interference with any of the locks. Carry on, Hamworthy."

"Yes, sir. While I was seeing to the house, Mr. Grimbold came down into the library for his glass of sherry. At 7.45 the soup was served and I called Mr. Grimbold to dinner. He sat at the end of the table as usual, facing the serving-hatch."

"With his back to the library door," said Parker, making a mark on a rough plan of the room which lay before him. "Was the door shut?"

"Oh, yes, sir. All the doors and windows were shut."

"It looks a dashed draughty room," said Wimsey. "Two doors and a serving-hatch and two french windows."

"Yes, my lord; but they are all very well-fitting, and the curtains were drawn."

"Good heavens! How did you get here?" Chief Inspector Parker exclaimed.

His lordship moved across to the connecting door and opened it.

"Yes," he said; "good and heavy and moves in sinister silence. I like these thick carpets, but the pattern's a bit fierce." He shut the door noiselessly and returned to his seat.

"Mr. Grimbold would take about five minutes over soup, sir. When he had done, I removed it and put on the fish. I did not have to leave the room; everything comes through the serving-hatch. The wine—that is, the Chablis—was already on the table. That course was only a small portion of turbot, and would take Mr. Grimbold about five minutes again. I removed that, and put on the roast pheasant."

He broke off, then, after a moment's silence, continued, "I was just about to serve Mr. Grimbold with the vegetables when the telephone-bell rang. Mr. Grimbold said: 'You'd better see who it is. I'll help myself.' It was not the cook's business, of course, to answer the telephone."

"Are there no other servants?"

"Only the woman who comes in to clean during the day, sir. I went out to the instrument, shutting the door behind me."

"Was that this telephone or the one in the hall?"

"The one in the hall, sir. I always used that one, unless I happened to be actually in the library at the time. The call was from Mr. Neville Grimbold in Town, sir. He and Mr. Harcourt have a flat in Jermyn Street. Mr. Neville spoke, and I recognised his voice. He said: 'Is that you, Hamworthy? Wait a moment. Mr. Harcourt wants you.' He put down the receiver and then Mr. Harcourt came on.

"He said: 'Hamworthy, I want to run down to-night to see my uncle, if he's at home.' I said: 'Yes, sir, I'll tell him.' The young gentlemen often came down for a night or two, sir. We keep their bedrooms ready for them. Mr. Harcourt said he would be starting at once and expected to get down by about half-past nine.

"While he was speaking I heard the big grandfather-clock up in their flat chime the quarters and strike eight, and immediately after our own hall-clock struck, and then I heard the Exchange say 'Three minutes.' So the call must have come through at three minutes to eight, sir."

"Then there's no doubt about the time. That's a comfort. What next, Hamworthy?"

"Mr. Harcourt asked for another call and said: 'Mr. Neville has got something to say,' and then Mr. Neville came back to the phone. He said he was going up to Scotland shortly, and wanted me to send up a country suit and some other clothes that he had left down here. He wanted the suit sent to the cleaner's first, and there were various other instructions, so that he asked for another three minutes.

"That would be at 8.3, sir, yes. And about a minute after that, while he was still speaking, the front-door bell rang. I couldn't very well leave the phone, so the caller had to wait, and at five past eight he rang the bell again. I was just going to ask Mr. Neville to excuse me, when I saw Cook come out of the kitchen and go through the hall to the front door. Mr. Neville asked me to repeat his instructions, and then the Exchange interrupted us again, so he rang off, and when I turned round I saw Cook just closing the library door.

"I went to meet her, and she said: 'Here's that Mr. Payne again, wanting Mr. Grimbold. I've put him in the library, but I don't like the looks of him.' So I said: 'All right; I'll fix him,' and Cook went back to the kitchen."

"One moment," said Parker. "Who's Mr. Payne?"

"He's one of Mr. Grimbold's clients, sir. He lives about five minutes away, across the fields, and he's been here before, making trouble. I think he owes Mr. Grimbold money, sir, and wanted more time to pay."

"He's here, waiting in the hall," added Henley.

"Oh?" said Wimsey. "The unshaven party with the scowl and the ash-plant, and the blood-stained coat?"

"That's him, my lord," said the butler.

HE turned to Parker again, "I started to go along to the library, when it come over me sudden-like that I'd never taken in the claret—Mr. Grimbold would be getting very annoyed. So I went back to my pantry—you see where that is, sir—and fetched it from where it was warming before the fire. I had a little hunt then for the salver, sir, till I found I had put down my evening paper on top of it, but I wasn't more than a minute, sir, before I got back into the dining-room.

"And then, sir"—the butler's voice faltered—"then I saw Mr. Grimbold fallen forward on the table, sir, all across his plate, like. I thought he must have been took ill, and I hurried up to him and found—I found he was dead, sir, with a dreadful wound in his back."

"No weapon anywhere?"

"Not that I could see, sir. There was a terrible lot of blood. It made me feel shockingly faint, sir, and for a minute I hardly knew what to do. As soon as I could think of anything I rushed over to the serving-hatch and called Cook. She came hurrying in and let out an awful scream when she saw the master. Then I remembered Mr. Payne and opened the library door. He was standing there, and he began at once asking how long he'd have to wait.

"So I said: 'Here's an awful thing! Mr. Grimbold has been murdered!' and he pushed past me into the dining-room, and the first thing he said was: 'How about those windows?' He pulled back the curtain of the one nearest the library, and there was the window standing open. 'This is the way he went,' he said and started to rush out. I said, 'No you don't'—thinking he meant to get away, and I hung on to him.

"He called me a lot of names, and then he said: 'Look here, my man,

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Peter Wimsey walked calmly through the library door.

By Dorothy Sayers

be reasonable. The fellow's getting away all this time. We must have a look for him.' So I said, 'Not without I go with you.' And he said, 'All right.' So I told Cook not to touch anything but to ring up the police, and Mr. Payne and I went out after I'd fetched my torch from the pantry."

"Did Payne go with you to fetch it?"

"Yes, sir. Well, he and I went out and we searched about in the garden, but we couldn't see any footprints or anything, because it's an asphalt path all round the house and down to the gate. And we couldn't see any weapon, either. So then he said: 'We'd better go back and get the car and search the roads,' but I said: 'No, he'll be away by then,' because it's only a quarter of a mile from our gate to the Great North Road, and it would take us five or ten minutes before we could start. So Mr. Payne said: 'Perhaps you're right,' and came back to the house with me.

"Well, then, sir, the constable came from Wapley, and after a bit, the Inspector here and Dr. Crofts from Haldock, and they made a search and asked a lot of questions, which I answered to the best of my ability, and I can't tell you any more, sir."

"Did you notice," asked Parker, "whether Mr. Payne had any stains of blood about him?"

"No, sir — I can't say that he had. When I first saw him he was standing in here, right under the light, and I think I should have seen it if there was anything, sir. I can't say fairer than that."

"Of course you've searched this room, Inspector, for bloodstains or a weapon or for anything such as gloves or a cloth, or anything that might have been used to protect the murderer from bloodstains?"

"Yes, Mr. Parker. We searched very carefully."

"Could anyone have come downstairs while you were in the dining-room with Mr. Grimbold?"

"Well, sir, I suppose they might. But they'd have to have got into the house before half-past seven, sir, and hidden themselves somewhere. Still, there's no doubt it might have happened that way. They couldn't come down by the back stairs, of course, because they'd have had to pass the kitchen, and Cook would have heard them, the passage being flagged, sir, but the front stairs—well, I don't know hardly what to say about that."

"That's how the man got in, depend upon it," said Parker. "Don't look so distressed, Hamworthy. You can't be expected to search all the cupboards in the house every evening for concealed criminals. Now I think I had better see the two nephews. I suppose they and their uncle got on together all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Never had a word of any sort. It's been a great blow to them, sir. They were terribly upset when Mr. Grimbold was ill in the summer——"

"He was ill, was he?"

"Yes, sir, with his heart, last July. He took a very bad turn, sir, and we had to send for Mr. Neville. But he pulled round wonderfully, sir—only he never seemed to be quite such a cheerful gentleman afterwards. I think it made him feel he wasn't getting younger, sir. But I'm sure nobody ever thought he'd be cut off like this."

"How is his money left?" asked Parker.

"Well, sir, that I don't know. I believe it would be divided between the two gentlemen, sir—not that they haven't plenty of their own. But Mr. Harcourt would be able to tell you, sir. He's the executor."

"Very well, we'll ask him. Are the brothers on good terms?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. Most devoted. Mr. Neville would do anything for Mr. Harcourt—and Mr. Harcourt for him, I'm sure. A very pleasant pair of gentlemen, sir. You couldn't have nicer."

"Thanks, Hamworthy. That will do for the moment, unless anybody else has anything to ask?"

"How much of the pheasant was eaten, Hamworthy?"

"Well, my lord, not a great deal of it—I mean, nothing like all of what Mr. Grimbold had on his plate. But he'd eaten some of it. It might have taken three or four minutes or so to eat what he had done, my lord, judging by what I helped him to."

"There was nothing to suggest that he had been interrupted, for example, by somebody coming to the windows, or of his having got up to let the person in?"

"Nothing at all, my lord, that I could see."

"The chair was pushed in close to the table when I saw him," put in the Inspector, "and his napkin was on his knees and the knife and fork lying just under his hands, as though he had dropped them when the blow came. I understand that the body was not disturbed."

"No, sir, I never moved it—except, of course, to make sure that he was dead. But I never felt any doubt of that, sir, when I saw that dreadful wound in his back."

"All right, then, Hamworthy. Ask Mr. Harcourt to come in."

Mr. Harcourt Grimbold was a brisk-looking man of about thirty-five. He explained that he was a stockbroker and his brother Neville an official in the Ministry of Public Health, and that they had been brought up by their uncle from the ages of eleven and ten respectively. He was aware that his uncle had had many business enemies, but for his own part he had received nothing from him but kindness.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much about this terrible business, as I didn't get here till 9.45 last night, when, of course, it was all over."

"That was a little later than you hoped to be here?"

"Just a little. My tail-lamp went out between Welwyn Garden City and Welwyn, and I was stopped by a bobby. I went to a garage in Welwyn, where they found that the lead had come loose. They put it right, and that delayed me for a few minutes more."

"It's about forty miles from here to London?"

"Just over. In the ordinary way, at that time of night, I should reckon an hour and a quarter from door to door. I'm not a speed merchant."

"Did you drive yourself?"

"Yes. I have a chauffeur, but I don't always bring him down here with me."

"When did you leave London?"

"About 8.20. I should think. Neville went round to the garage and fetched the car as soon as he'd finished telephoning, while I put my toothbrush and so on in my bag."

"You didn't hear about the death of your uncle before you left?"

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BY ACCIDENT

Dramatic Story...

By S. P. WRIGHT

Eager to impress the man she loved, Barbara failed to value the things that really count.

A MAN who had practised medicine for many years should have known that hearts don't break.

But perhaps the professors, and the men who wrote the books, never had reared a daughter like Barbara; been father and mother and companion to her, watched her life and her mind and her body shape themselves until she had become a woman—and then known this hopeless pain.

Babs was ashamed of Dr. Preston. Ashamed of his wrinkled clothes and his black, battered old pipe that he had mended with adhesive tape. Ashamed of the threadbare rug on the floor of his littered surgery, and of the roll-top desk stuffed full of papers and piled high with the journals and magazines he always hoped he might, some day or night, find time to read.

Ashamed of the fact that he was an old man who had been content to remain an ill-paid country doctor, who drove a mud-spattered, thumping old car with grimy windows—one of them broken and patched with the omnipresent adhesive—and who talked like the farmers and the mill hands he served.

"Dad," she had said, in the flushed, breathless manner which had made him wonder the very first moment, "may I present Dave Cantrall? Dave, this is my father."

A couple of years before she would have said: "Dad, this is Dave Cantrall," and let it go at that. But during those ten in the years she had been away at college, and had spent her first vacation at her room-mate's summer home.

Dr. Preston's first impression of Dave Cantrall was that he was a likely youngster: tall, lean, brown, with a good strong mouth and clear, intelligent eyes. The kind of young fellow he'd always hoped Babs would meet and fall in love with. Babs had written about him—written a lot about him. Her letters had been mostly about Dave, as a matter of fact. Only son of some chap who owned a chemical manufacturing plant.

"Glad to know you, son," Dr. Preston had said heartily. "I hope I don't need to tell you any friend of Babs is mighty welcome here."

"Thank you, sir. It's a pleasure I've been looking forward to for a long time."

He started wandering around the room, peering into the cases with their chipped white enamel, at the instruments laid out in rows on clean towels, at the steriliser, its brightness long since dimmed, at the curling strips of tape hanging from the edge of the table, and at the rows of jars and bottles, some with labels so old they were almost obliterated, on the shelves above the table. And, worst of all, at the sink.

"Didn't I tell you, Dave," Babs had called out to him in that strained, high voice, "that Dad was just a dear, funny old country doctor?"

"You did," Dave had said. "I remember: pills at all hours . . . farm fractures a speciality . . ."

And now she was telling him, while Dave was in town, getting off an air-mail letter to his people, that Dave had asked her to marry him, and she had said yes, and they were to be married right after they graduated.

"I'm so happy, Dad," she whispered. "I don't know how I'll ever manage to stand it . . . waiting for two whole years."

"Two years isn't a long time. A year goes like that." He snapped his fingers, making a harsh, brittle sound.

"Not when you're in love. The way I'm in love with Dave. Isn't he wonderful? I mean . . ."

She couldn't tell him what she meant. No girl could tell all she meant and thought and felt about the man she loved. In his lifetime, a good many girls had talked to old Dr. Preston about the boys they loved, and none of them had been very articulate about the matter.

He sighed softly, and drew on the dead ashes in his pipe until they wheezed. The thing which hurt wasn't that Babs was going to be married in a couple of years. He had conditioned himself to the thought that some day she would marry and lead her own life, away from him—just as he tried to condition the minds of folks who were going to lose someone near and dear to them by gently warning them weeks and sometimes months before.

Losing her like that wouldn't have been so bad. He could even have taken a certain pleasure in her happiness. Marriage and her own home and youngsters—those things were her woman's heritage. But her nervous apologies for him—her uncomfortable shame . . .

Barbara leaned over him swiftly, and kissed him. For an instant she held him tight, and he could feel her young, strong arms quivering with the intensity of her emotion.

"Dave's wonderful," she said. "But there's only one you in the world. Best Dad . . . there ever was . . . ever." And, before he could speak, she was gone.

Too old now to let anyone see her emotion. Grown up . . . into another world. A world in which old Dr. Preston was incongruous. Dave Cantrall's world. He didn't hate the lad for it, or Babs. It had happened, like breaking your leg. And it hurt, worse than any fracture ever hurt.

THE telephone rang: a long and a short. "Doctor? This is Fred; Fred Winkler, at the filling station." He was breathless; fairly gulping his words. "Look, there's been another accident on that bad turn south of us. Three cars all smashed to smithereens, and heaven only knows how many poor devils——"

"Keep the mob away, and don't move them," snapped Dr. Preston. "Call a couple of ambulances from town. I'll be there as quickly as I can." He slammed up the receiver and called to Barbara.

"Babs! There's been an accident; want to come and help?"

"Of course! Is it bad?"

"Sounds like it." If the wreck was as bad as young Winkler thought, Babs would be a big help. She knew a lot about the practical side of nursing; had assisted him in the surgery a thousand times.

Dave's car swung into the drive as they opened the garage.

"What's up, people?" he called gaily. "Going out?"

"Accident!" Babs fairly snapped the word. "No telling when we'll be back, Dave. Make yourself at home."

"Accident? Let me drive you, then. Please! I'll get you there in a hurry, Dr. Preston!"

Dr. Preston took the bags from his car and threw them into Dave's big sports car.

"There's no speed limit for doctors in an emergency," he said grimly. "Step on it!"

. . . . . .

The cars were thick alongside the road, and humanity hung like a huge clot around the tumbled wreckage. Dave kept blowing his horn, and Dr. Preston stood on the running-board and held out the black bag of his profession. The crowd parted to let them through—through to the very heart of the disaster where the seven victims of it waited.

He started going over the group swiftly. Concussion; no roadside surgery indicated there. Someone had saved a life with a tourniquet, but had twisted it far too tight. No use asking for gangrene. Internal injuries here; nothing he could do but give a hypo for the pain.

A tall man with the sleeve torn completely out of his tweed coat, his eyes fixed in a dazed stare, wandered up.

"You're . . . doctor?" he asked in a mechanical voice. His hands were clasped together loosely, and as he talked he rubbed the palms together incessantly.

Dr. Preston nodded.

"You sit down here," he ordered. "I'll look you over in just a minute."

"I'm . . . the driver," said the mechanical voice. "Three people in my car. All going to die."

"Nobody's going to die," Dr. Preston said sharply. "Sit down and behave yourself!"

The man started sobbing, and stumbled away. From a distance came the eager keening of ambulance sirens.

"Get back, all of you!" snapped Dr. Preston. "Dave, open up a path for the ambulances. Get those three cars out of the way if you have to roll them into the ditch."

The ambulances arrived, and, while the men, swiftly and methodically, took up their part of the work, Dr. Preston continued calmly with his share of it.

Please turn to page 16

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

"Easy lad! Relax if you can," Dave and Barbara heard Dr. Preston say.

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Tour of Malaya: I go to curry tiffin with 400 of A.I.F.

Wealthy Indian's lunch party for his "warrior friends"

By cable from
ADELE SHELTON SMITH
The Australian Women's Weekly's correspondent with the A.I.F. in Malaya

Four hundred A.I.F. officers and men—and I—sat down to a Singalese menu prepared only three times a year—Christmas, New Year, and Singalese New Year—at a tiffin party given by a wealthy Indian and his family in honor of the troops.

The scale of catering, the lavish preparations, Indian music, and the rich colors of the saris worn by the Indian womenfolk and their friends gave the party an air of Arabian Nights magnificence.

ADELE SHELTON SMITH, of The Australian Women's Weekly, collecting autographs from the A.I.F. in Malaya.

A MALAY police band, smart in its blue-and-white uniforms, played rousing tunes—"Australia Will Be There" and "Roll Out the Barrel."

The Indian orchestra played classical Indian music on sweet-stringed instruments, reed instruments, and tambourines.

Sometimes both band and orchestra played simultaneously with exhilarating effect.

Our host was Mr. H. B. Talalla, two of whose sons are in the R.A.F.

His wife, his six other children, his brother, Dr. H. S. Talalla, and his wife and their eight children helped to entertain the guests.

Miss Winifred Talalla, who, like all members of the family, speaks faultless English, showed me through the kitchens and explained the menu.

Four different curries were cooking in huge iron cauldrons over open fires under a wide corrugated iron shelter built specially for the occasion.

Indian servants stirred the curry with long-handled shovels.

Others ladled huge mounds of rice into deep baskets lined with banana palm leaves. Spicy dishes and various pickles were being ladled into big earthenware bowls.

Dr. Talalla, a fatherly figure in a loose-fitting linen suit and a battered old straw hat, superintended the cooking.

He told me he has been interested in dietetics for 50 years, and makes the calories and vitamins consumed by the Talalla families his personal concern.

The A.I.F., lured by the spicy smells from the open kitchens, wandered round peering into cauldrons. Most of them carried a bottle of soft drink in one hand and a camera in the other.

This was the menu served to 400 A.I.F. and a number of English and Indian helpers.

Beryani (rice) a la Iran.
Kubab (chicken) a la Iran.
Brinjal curry a la Ceylon.
Bean curry a la Ceylon.
Dhal curry a la Punjab.
Pinapple sambal a la Malaysie.
Tamarind chutney.
Mixed Singalese pickles.
Gula Malacac pudding.
Malayan pineapple.
Pisang ejok (banana).
Australian beer, sweet aerated waters, Malayan tender coconut water.

Several of the dishes on the menu took a week to prepare, others five or six days. The rice was the only item cooked on the day of the party.

The whole of the Talalla family, including several small boys five or six years old, did the cooking.

Their servants stoked the fires, stirred the cauldrons, and did the washing-up.

Special mixture

MISS TALALLA explained to me that, where we buy a tin of curry powder, an Indian household mixes a special curry powder every time a curry is made.

Anything from ten to fifteen spices are used, all of them pounded and ground fresh for the occasion.

The troops assembled in front of the house for Mr. Talalla's speech of welcome and their C.O.'s reply.

The well-worn phrases about bonds of Empire took on a fresh, direct meaning from the simple eloquence of the host and the spontaneous applause and cheering of a large group of young men who usually get bored by speeches.

Welcoming the officers and men, Mr. Talalla said:

"We know most of you have sacrificed professional, commercial and other careers to come voluntarily to Malaya to safeguard our homes, women, children and old folk from any possible enemy threat.

"From what we have seen of your officers and men, I can say without fear of contradiction that they are perfectly homely and gentlemanly, and their ways and manners fit in well with the life and institutions of Malaya.

"I know that our cosmopolitan population living harmoniously in Malaya consider you not only as great warriors of fame, but also as friends to all of us.

"My wife and I wish you to consider this your home and to enjoy yourselves thoroughly with the humble fare and simple amusements we have arranged for you this day.

"We are all members of a very vast family known as the British Empire. We may sometimes have differences of opinion on various points, but these are not more or less than the differences one often sees even in the best organised and affectionate families.

"We are all fighting for one cause, freedom and liberty, and when we defeat our enemy and victory is won I am prepared to say without hesitation that all the differences in the various parts of the Empire will be settled in an orderly and harmonious manner.

"Finally, my wife and I ask your forgiveness for any omissions we may have made in entertaining you to-day.

"My wife and I will now request the ladies and gentlemen who have come to assist us to entertain our distinguished guests to charge their glasses and pledge our toast to the Diggers.

"May their shadow never grow less and good fortune and best of luck attend them in their duties."

When the band struck up "Advance Australia Fair," the A.I.F. burst into song.

Not many of them knew all the words, but the effect of 400 lusty Australian voices in full-throated chorus was tremendous.

After lunch in the open marquees there was an informal sing-song round the piano which developed into one solid mass of community singing in the house, in the garden, the marquees, and the kitchen.

They sang everything from "If You Were the Only Girl in the World" to "Knock 'Em in the Old Kent Road," and the people who knew the words of the old songs best were not the English people or the Australians, but the young Indians.

As a tribute to their hospitality the A.I.F. marched past in column of three formation, and gave the eyes right salute as they passed their host and hostess.

Everyone piled into the big army transports. Everybody was happy—even the two boys who had a curry-eating competition, and had given up with the score at four heaped plates each.

TIFFIN TIME in the troops' mess hut. The cook complains the boys are always hungry.

It might have been serious..

"Just a nick out of my finger, but pretty deep at that. With all that dirt and grease about, I might have finished up with blood-poisoning, if it hadn't been for 'Dettol'."

Doctors acknowledge 'Dettol' as one of their finest aids to safe antisepsis. 'Dettol' is death to all germs, yet it is non-poisonous. It is clear and clean, pleasant to smell and its gentle action upon tissue permits safe, rapid healing. That is why women choose it for intimate personal hygiene, and why it is used so generally in the accident and maternity wards of great hospitals. Sold by chemists only, in 2/1 and 3/8 bottles.

...if it hadn't been for 'Dettol'

RECKITT & COLMAN (Aust.) LTD. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney. 2095

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There is all the glamor of the East in—

SINGAPORE

(LEFT): Singapore by night, before black-out.

(RIGHT): Singapore by day, where shoppers stroll.

A.I.F. SING-SONG in the boys' favorite Singapore cafe. They made themselves heard!

"HOME, JAMES," in style. The A.I.F. crowds into a taxi to return to camp after a night out.

KATRIN ROSSELLE says:

LIKE THE HOLLYWOOD STARS I HAVE MY BEAUTY BATH EVERY DAY WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP.** THE SUPERCREAMED LATHER IS SO SOFTENING — I JUST ADORE IT!

✳

✳ Actual Statement by Katrin Rosselle

Starring in Argosy's Film, "The Power and the Glory" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release.

BEAUTIFUL FILM STARS IN AUSTRALIA AS WELL AS IN HOLLYWOOD USE **LUX TOILET SOAP**— AND SO DO I, BECAUSE SOFT, SMOOTH, FRAGRANT SKIN IS IMPORTANT TO EVERY GIRL

LUX TOILET SOAP is Supercreamed— has a special cream blended into the tablet, to cream while cleansing the skin.

LUX TOILET SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Color and gaiety of city where our boys spend their leave

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH, cabled from Singapore

Singapore drowses in its steamy heat, rickshaw drivers sleep in the shade of their vehicles, hatless women miraculously managing to look cool stroll through the smart shops of Raffles Place, large business men sit drinking stingahs in hotel lounges.

It all looks and seems a poster tourist resort.

But somewhere here are £10,000,000 worth of fortifications, thousands of British, Indian and Malayan soldiers, and thousands of airmen and sailors.

OUR only reminder of all this war preparedness is the occasional flight of planes overhead, an occasional convoy of armored cars rumbling along the street, at night-time groups of the services on leave, and on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock the sinister siren of the air-raid warning, the weekly practice which frightens new arrivals right out of their steaming skins.

Most of us who haven't been to Singapore imagine that war time has brought frenzied gaiety, with dancing all night in night clubs and watching "the dawn come up like thunder out of China cross the bay."

On the contrary, no night club is permitted to stay open after midnight.

But up to that time there is plenty of gaiety in the hotels and cabarets, then at midnight we all go home like good Cinderellas.

War time has relaxed the strict rules about evening dress. For example, Raffles Hotel has only one formal dress night in the week.

On our first night here it was not a formal dress night.

In the lobby ballroom with its fifty electric fans and awninged arches opening on to the street there were all types of dress.

I saw fresh-faced young English soldiers from British regiments, members of a Scottish regiment in their tartan trousers, civilians in white linen or shorts.

A few women wore evening dress, a number were in cotton and silk street frocks.

There was a lovely Chinese girl in a tubular black satin frock with a straight skirt slit right up to her knee, a peaches-and-cream English girl in bouffant blue organdie, and a pretty woman in—of all things in this heat—a black velvet skirt with a long train and a blouse of white organdie embroidered in gold thread.

There is much leaping from chairs and bowing from the waist, an exhibition of the faultless manners of English people.

In almost every party there are three or four times as many men as women, and that makes us all feel a bit like pampered princesses surrounded by courtiers.

At Cyrano's—which was the Cafe Vienna until Vienna became part of Germany—one sits on a high stool at a bar counter rubbing shoulders with the British air force and the navy.

An American correspondent, Victor Keen, took us to the Cathay to meet its proprietors, the American comedians Bailey and Cowan.

Straight out of the hot night air we went into an air-conditioned night club where the air was so cool that the men in the party turned up their coat collars to try and keep warm.

Incidentally, American correspondents have replaced the tourists who would be here in normal years. You can pick them out because they bustle about where the local residents all move languidly.

VICTOR KEEN, American newspaper man, met the A.I.F. in Singapore.

Among them are Carl Meydans, famous "Life" photographer, and his pretty wife, Shirley, who is his caption writer. She manages to look crisp and cool even when she comes back from scrambling round a tin mine in the midday sun.

They have covered the fall of France, and came here straight from Chungking.

Then there is Archibald Steele of the Chicago "Daily News," whose wife has travelled with him since the beginning of the Japanese-Chinese war, enduring all the risks and travel hardships of the foreign correspondent.

Yates McDaniels, of Associated Press, also travels with his wife.

Mrs. McDaniels and Mrs. Steele were with their husbands in the fall of Nanking, and lost all their belongings.

BETTY BRYANT

STAR OF "FORTY THOUSAND HORSEMEN"

FALLS IN LOVE

● "I have fallen in love with my Philips Radioplayer. In between work on the set I love to relax in my dressing room, and listen to good music on my radio," says Miss Bryant.

Miss Bryant is one of the many thousands of satisfied Philips Radioplayer owners throughout Australia. You can be one too!

Your local Philips Accredited Retailer will arrange a demonstration in your own home without obligation. You can become a Philips owner for a few shillings weekly

PHILIPS RADIO

"It Beats the Band"

Listen to Jack Davey's new show, "It Beats the Band," every Sunday night at 7.30 through 2GB, 3AW, 4BH, 7BO, 7LA, and leading Country Stations: at 7.20 through 5DN, and 6.45 through 6PR and 6PM.

PHILIPS RADIOPLAYERS, LAMPS AND VALVES ARE MADE BY AUSTRALIANS FOR AUSTRALIAN HOMES

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Sarong siesta

Between 2 and 4 p.m. A.I.F. in Malaya have siesta (rest period). They relax in gaudy sarongs, which they find much cooler than pyjamas. The men in the picture are reading The Australian Women's Weekly, copies of which are sent weekly by air mail to the troops.

All pictures in this section photographed in Malaya by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer, Wilfred (Bill) Brindle.

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OUR BOYS TRAIN FOR JUNGLE WARFARE

AUSTRALIAN soldiers carry out war exercises against a typical Malayan background. Their attitude is characteristic of the drive and reckless energy which have made Australians world-famous as shock troops in warfare. The heat of Malaya makes training even more strenuous than that undergone in Australia. "A route march of three miles seems like six at home," said one private. "But we are all healthy and fit. We can take it."

STREET fighting exercise. Here Bren gunner borrows balcony of native house.

ANOTHER aspect of street-fighting technique. Infantry, covered by a Bren gun, rushes along a leafy Malayan street.

CHINESE rickshaw boy waiting for a fare has unofficial review of troops as they march back to camp after morning exercises.

TAKING cover behind a rubber tree on a plantation, this A.I.F. man aims at the enemy.

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MAKING FRIENDS with all races and all creeds

AUSTRALIAN PADRE takes the children of Chinese friends for a Sunday morning stroll. Pictures from our photographer in Malaya prove how completely false were malicious foreign reports that our troops in Malaya were not on friendly terms with the population. Adele Shelton Smith cables from Malaya, "Their friends are legion and include all nationalities. They have been lavishly entertained and helped in both work and play."

DEVOUT MOHAMMEDAN reads his Koran at the doorway of a mosque while a Digger coaxes some native children to take him in with them.

"ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT, SIR." One of the native youngsters tries out a bit of parade ground smartness on a friendly Digger sentry.

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An Editorial

APRIL 19, 1941

OUR TROOPS IN GREECE

AUSTRALIANS are now fighting side by side with the Greeks.

They fight not merely in defence of Greek soil, not merely to protect British interests, but to preserve a standard of human dignity that owes much to Greek inspiration.

When the only "Australians" were primitive aborigines, when England was an island of half-civilised Angles and Celts, and the Nazis' ancestors were dark hordes of barbaric Huns, Greece had brought to flower the highest ideals of the human race.

Her thinkers had enunciated most of the ideals of freedom to which the world clings to-day.

From the Greece of two thousand years ago were inherited vast treasures of the mind which time cannot destroy.

Bill Smith is perhaps shy of attacking Aristotle when setting out to improve his mind. So instead he reads H. G. Wells and absorbs some of the cream of Aristotlean wisdom in a predigested form.

For the most modern of our wisdom was familiar to ancient Greeks and the most modern of our writings are colored by their thoughts.

Millions of students of sculpture and art all over the world take their first lessons from plaster casts of the great works left by the Greeks.

The first principles of democracy were voiced when, in the market places of Greek cities, the citizens met to discuss their problems and grievances and decide on joint action.

Their great philosopher Socrates drank the fatal cup of hemlock rather than give up freedom of speech and thought. His ideals are the ideals of the Greeks who today are prepared to die in the cause of freedom.

Freedom-loving Australians are proud to be their comrades in arms.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A member of the crew of a battleship to his cousin in Gympie, Q.:

"WE have travelled a great distance since leaving home, and have seen interesting places and had some very exciting times.

"So far we have come through unscratched, the only damage being a bomb through the funnel.

"We have been attacked by Italian bombers on several occasions, and have made quite a name for ourselves.

"One night we were attacked by two Italian destroyers, but soon sent them racing at full speed to their base, with one of our destroyers in hot pursuit. One of the enemy was sunk and the other severely damaged."

✦ ✦ ✦

Private A. C. Ivey to his wife at Prospect Gardens, S.A.:

"YOU want to know how I do the washing?

"Well, coming over on the ship I tied the socks and shirts and other things on to a good strong fishing line and tossed them overboard, and left them all night. They were done by morning, and that was one week's wash all finished.

"The ironing tricks most of us, but I only iron the front part of the shirt where it shows, as the Major rolls up his sleeves, and that saves extra work.

"The iron is a lemonade bottle full of hot water, and it is pushed along, not rolled—but bad luck if the cork comes out!

"For a large wash just put everything in the bath with you with plenty of soap and just roll around and kick them. When the water turns a dark brown you know that your washing is done for the week, so you see it is quite a light job. You ought to try it."

✦ ✦ ✦

A soldier in Libya to his wife in Chester Hill, N.S.W.:

"WE have a pup here, which we call Bardia Bill. When we first had him he was only as big as our pup was at home when I sailed.

"This morning he got his teeth into the key of a hand bomb and was tossing the darn thing all over the place.

"He ran into our tent and was tossing the thing from side to side, having the time of his life.

"Needless to say we made a scatter, because it was an Italian hand bomb and it was fully charged, and they are very dangerous when they explode right near you.

"Should Bardia Bill have dislodged the pin he would have been a pup no more.

"While we were trying to get it from him he thought we were only joining in the fun with him. Eventually we rescued it—to our great relief, I can assure you."

Winnie the War Winner

BOO!

Corporal A. L. Payne to Miss Mary Kerr, Turrumberry, Vic.:

"THE Italian population here is very glad to have us around, and treat us very kindly, doing our washing and cooking us a meal when it is possible, for they are a very poverty-stricken crowd.

"They provided what they thought was a grand feast for us on our arrival which consisted of eggs and grass—or that's what it seemed like, although over here it is called vegetable.

"However, this did not satisfy our appetites, so we scouted around and found three fowls, which we boiled in a biscuit tin."

✦ ✦ ✦

A sergeant in Palestine to his family in Queensland:

"YESTERDAY we went a-wandering. We hitch-hiked in Wog trucks and walked a bit until we got to the sea (the Mediterranean). We had a bonzer swim and discovered that what we thought were rocks were granite columns of the ancient city of Ascalon. We found bits of ancient pillars and other signs of a former civilisation.

"One Digger found a chameleon. Someone yelled out, 'Look, there's a green goanna!' The soldier looked round, gave a dignified yell, and an undignified leap or dive, and captured the startled animal.

"We taxed its powers of changing color by putting it on paper, oranges, uniforms, etc. After a while he got sick of the business and gave up—particularly when we put him on our color patches. He refused to turn multicolored.

"We wanted to keep him as a pet, but Jack (the chameleon) decided otherwise, and did a moonlight flit."

Private Ron Burnheim in Palestine to his mother, Mrs. A. Burnheim, Gladesville, N.S.W.:

"IT was funny about that threepence you put in the cake. I gave it to a little Arab kid, aged four years, in Gaza.

"He became quite attached to me, and walked along the street holding my hand.

"Well, after several Arabs we passed had laughingly inquired 'Brothers?' the kid must have taken it seriously, for when I came to the military barrier he wouldn't be left, and darted through after me.

"I took him back outside, but after I had walked along a bit he was with me again. It eventually took about half a dozen of his brethren to cart him screaming away.

"Was I relieved! I thought he was mine for keeps. He was a cute little fellow, though."

✦ ✦ ✦

Bombardier Francis in Egypt to his twelve-year-old daughter, Daphne, Newcastle, N.S.W.:

"I DO not think you would like to live in this country, because girls smaller than you have work to do.

"I have seen them with little donkeys, about four feet high, with baskets slung over their backs carting stones to make roads. They load and unload the donkeys themselves.

"You should see the clothes they wear, too. All sorts of rags sewn together, old skirts, flannels, pieces of blankets or anything. Their clothes reach right down to the ground. Some of them wear sheepskins."

✦ ✦ ✦

A soldier in Palestine to his fiancee in Tasmania:

"YOU really ought to see the way the Arabs have learnt to gamble since the Aussies have been here.

"The boys will start a school of two-up going, and you will see the Wogs coming from everywhere digging their hands down into hidden pockets in their not-too-clean clothes that look like nightshirts, and they aren't too frightened to back the 'tails' heavily.

"They gather around, and when the pennies go up so do their heads, and it takes the boys all their time to keep them from rushing in the ring to see how the pennies fall. They are very good losers, though, and equally as good winners.

"I saw one Arab the other day running around with his two pennies trying to organise a game, and he got one going too. I didn't wait to see how he got on, but I'm sure that, like the Aussies, he played the game fair and hard."

✦ ✦ ✦

Private N. A. W. Taylor, in England, to friends at Glenview, via Mooloolah, Qld.:

"RECENTLY I went to Winchester on leave and met an elderly English gentleman who took me to his home.

"He proved to be Mr. Basil Gotto, the well-known English sculptor. A most interesting host he was. He showed me his studio and his various works of art, sculpture, and painting.

"Then when he heard I was interested in farming he took me to a farm and showed me over."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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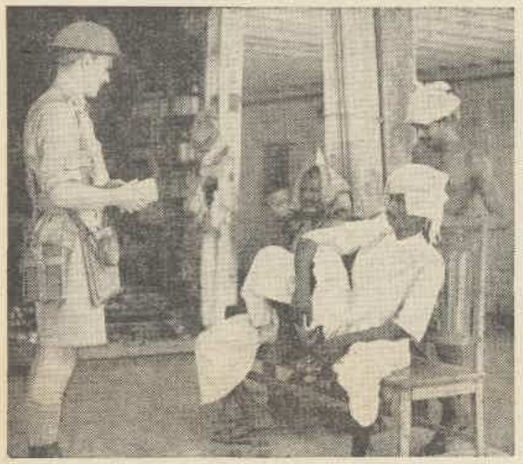
GILBERT MANT (left) and D. H. Faircloth drive a hard bargain in a Malayan bazaar. The exquisite kimono attracted attention of the boys as a present for someone back home.



AN AUSTRALIAN OFFICER on a sightseeing tour uses his Malayan dictionary to conduct a conversation with villagers.

Round the town with a candid camera in Malaya...

"Bill" Brindle, Australian Women's Weekly cameraman photographing the A.I.F. in Malaya, got these candids strolling about town somewhere in Malaya.

"The boys were a trifle camera-shy," wrote Bill, "until I told them the pictures were to be sent back home for their folks to see. Then I nearly got killed in the rush."

LETTERS HOME must be written despite the heat. A tiny monkey keeps this Digger company. Stanley is the monkey's name.

PHEW! IT'S HOT . . . but an ice-cold drink of coconut milk is relished by this soldier, who uses a bayonet to open it.

SCOT MEETS DIGGER. As in the last war, Scot and Aussie get on very well together. Jock lights a cigarette for an Australian as they tour town together.

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Why is she so glamorous—so appealing—so different?

Long days on the beach don't drive her to her dressing-table. For she has a Creme Simon complexion. Sea and sun can't ravage or roughen it. Her beauty's a flower that never wilts.

CREME SIMON, the different skin-food used a different way—while your face is damp. Its gentle tonic action keeps skin firm, supple, smooth.

CRÈME SIMON

CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

DEAF?

"CHICO" INVISIBLE EARPHONES, 21/- PAIR.

● Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Amazingly effective. Guaranteed lifetime. Write for free booklet.

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Absolutely Elsewhere

Continued from page 5

GRIMBOLD shook his head. "No," he replied. "They didn't think of ringing me up. I gather, till after I had started. The police tried to get Neville later on, but he'd gone round to the club or something. I phoned him myself after I got here, and he came down this morning."

"Well, now, Mr. Grimbold, can you tell us anything about your late uncle's affairs?"

"You mean his will? Who profits, and that kind of thing? Well, I do, for one, and Neville, for another. And Mrs. —— Have you heard of a Mrs. Winter?"

"Something, yes."

"Well, she does, for a third. And then, of course, old Hamworthy gets a nice little nest-egg, and the cook gets something, and there is a legacy of £500 to the clerk at my uncle's London office. But the bulk of it goes to us and to Mrs. Winter. I know what you're going to ask—how much is it? I haven't the faintest idea, but I know it must be something pretty considerable. The old man never let on to a soul how much he really was worth, and we never bothered about it.

"I'm turning over a good bit, and Neville's salary is a heavy burden on a long-suffering public, so we only had a mild, academic kind of interest in the question."

"Do you suppose Hamworthy knew he was down for a legacy?"

"Oh, yes—there was no secret about that. He was to get £100 and a life-interest in £200 a year, provided, of course, he was still in my uncle's service when he—my uncle I mean—died."

"And he wasn't under notice, or anything?"

"N-no. No. Not more than usual. My uncle gave everyone notice about once a month, to keep them up to the mark. But it never came to anything. He was like the Queen of Hearts in Alice—he 'never executed nobody,' you know."

"I see. We'd better ask Hamworthy about that, though. Now, this Mrs. Winter. Do you know anything about her?"

"Oh, yes. She's a nice woman. Of course, she carried on this affair with Uncle William for donkey's years, but her husband was practically potty with drink, and you could scarcely blame her. I wired her this morning and here's her reply, just come."

He handed Parker a telegram, despatched from Paris, which read: "Terribly shocked and grieved. Returning immediately. Love and sympathy. Lucy."

"You are on friendly terms with her, then?"

"Good Lord, yes. Why not? We were always very sorry for her. Uncle William would have taken her away with him somewhere, only she wouldn't leave Winter. In fact, I think they had practically settled that they were to get married now that Winter has had the grace to peg out. She's only thirty-eight, and it's time she had had some sort of show in life, poor thing."

"So, in spite of the money, she hadn't really very much to gain by your uncle's death?"

"Not a thing. Unless, of course, she wanted to marry somebody younger, and was afraid of losing the cash. But I believe she was honestly fond of the old boy. Anyhow, she couldn't have done the murder, because she's in Paris."

"H'm!" said Parker. "I suppose she is. We'd better make sure, though. I'll ring through to the Yard and have her looked out for at the ports. Is this phone through to the exchange?"

"Yes," said the Inspector. "It doesn't have to go through the hall phone; they're connected in parellel."

"All right. Well, I don't think we need trouble you further, at the moment, Mr. Grimbold. I'll put my call through, and after that we'll send for the next witness . . . Give me Whitehall 1212, please," he said, as Harcourt Grimbold left the room. "I suppose the time of Mr. Harcourt's call from town has been checked, Inspector?"

"Yes, Mr. Parker. It was put in at 7.57, and renewed at 8 o'clock and 8.3. Quite an expensive little item. And we've also checked up on the constable who spoke to him about his lights and the garage that put them right for him. He got into Welwyn at 9.5, and left again about 9.15. The number of the car is right too."

"Well, he's out of it in any case, but it's just as well to check all we can . . . Hullo, is that Scotland Yard? Put me through to Chief-Inspector Hardy. Chief-Inspector Parker speaking."

AS soon as he had finished with his call, Parker sent for Neville Grimbold. He was rather like his brother, only slimmer and more suave in speech, as befitted a Civil servant. He had nothing to add, except to confirm his brother's story and to explain that he had gone to a cinema from 8.20 to about 10 o'clock, and then on to his club, so that he had heard nothing about the tragedy till later in the evening.

The cook was the next witness. She had a great deal to say, but nothing very convincing to tell.

She had not happened to see Hamworthy go to the pantry for the claret, otherwise she confirmed his story. She scouted the idea that somebody had been concealed in one of the upper rooms because the daily woman, Mrs. Crabbe, had been in the house till nearly dinner-time, putting camphor-bags in all the wardrobes; and, anyhow, she had no doubt but what "that Payne" had stabbed Mr. Grimbold—"a nasty, murdering beast."

After that it only remained to interview the murderous Mr. Payne.

He proved to be almost aggressively frank. He had been treated very harshly by Mr. Grimbold. What with exorbitant usury and accumulated interest added to the principal, he had already paid back about five times the original loan, and now Mr. Grimbold had refused him any more time to pay, and had announced his intention of foreclosing on the security, namely, Mr. Payne's house and land.

It was all the more brutal because Mr. Payne had every prospect of being able to pay off the entire debt in six months' time, owing to some sort of interest or share in something or other which was confidently expected to turn up trumps. In his opinion, old Grimbold had refused to renew on purpose, so as to prevent him from paying—what he wanted was the property.

Grimbold's death was the saving of the situation, because it would postpone settlement till after the confidently-expected trumps had turned up. Mr. Payne would have murdered old Grimbold with pleasure, but he hadn't done so, and in any case he wasn't the sort of man to stab anybody in the back, though, if the moneylender had been a younger man, he, Payne, would have been happy to break all his bones for him.

If that old fool, Hamworthy, hadn't got in his way, he'd have laid hands on the murderer.

Blood? Yes, there was blood on his coat. He had got that in struggling with Hamworthy at the window. Hamworthy's hands had been all over blood when he made his appearance in the library. No doubt he had got it from the corpse. He, Payne, had taken care not to change his clothes, because, if he had done so, somebody would have tried to make out that he was hiding something.

Mr. Payne added that he objected strongly to the attitude taken up by the local police, who had treated him with undisguised hostility.

"Mr. Payne," said Lord Peter, "will you tell me one thing? When you heard the commotion in the dining-room, and the cook screaming, and so on why didn't you go in at once, to find out what was the matter?"

"Why?" retorted Mr. Payne. "Because I never heard anything of the sort, that's why. The first thing I knew about it was seeing the butler-fellow standing there in the doorway, waving his blood-stained hands about and gibbering."

"Ah!" said Wimsey. "I thought it was a good, solid door. Shall we ask the lady to go in and scream for us now, with the dining-room window open?"

The Inspector departed on this errand, while the rest of the company waited anxiously to count the screams. Nothing happened, however, till Henley put his head in and asked: "What about it?"

"Nothing," said Parker.

"It's a well-built house," said Wimsey. "I suppose any sound coming through the window would be muffled by the conservatory. Well, Mr. Payne, if you didn't hear the screams it's not surprising that you didn't hear the murderer. Are those all your witnesses, Charles? Because I've got to get back to London to see a man about a dog. But I'll leave you two suggestions with my blessing. One is that you should look for a car which was parked within a quarter of a mile of this house last night between 7.30 and 8.15; the second is that you should all come and sit in the dining-room to-night, with the doors and windows shut, and watch the french windows.

"I'll give Mr. Parker a ring about eight. Oh, and you might lend me the key of the conservatory door. I've got a theory about it."

The Chief Inspector handed over the key, and his lordship departed.

. . . . . .

The party assembled in the dining-room was in no very companionable mood. In fact, all the conversation was supplied by the Chief Inspector and the policeman for whom he had sent. They chatted occasionally, while Mr. Payne glowered, the two Grimbolds smoked cigarette after cigarette, and the cook and the butler balanced themselves nervously on the extreme edges of their chairs. It was a relief when the telephone-bell rang.

Parker glanced at his watch as he got up to answer it. "Seven-fifty-seven," he observed, and saw the butler pass his handkerchief over his twitching lips. "Keep your eye on the windows." He went out into the hall.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Is that Chief-Inspector Parker?" asked a voice he knew well. "This is Lord Peter Wimsey's man speaking from his lordship's rooms in London. Would you hold the line a moment? His lordship wishes to speak to you."

Parker heard the receiver set down and lifted again. Then Wimsey's voice came through: "Hullo, old man? Have you found that car yet?"

"We've heard of a car," replied the Chief Inspector cautiously, "at a road-house on the Great North Road, about five minutes' walk from the house."

"Was the number AB38?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

Please turn to page 16

A CROSS-OVER bodice and a skirt featuring unpressed pleats are the fashion highlights of this Cresta model in paisley-printed wool.

SOUR STOMACH

WHEN every meal is followed by pain, discomfort or heartburn . . . when you can't bear the thought of food and you act like a bear with a sore head . . . blame sour, acid stomach! But there's no need to sit down and "take it!"

You can get rid of that pain and discomfort—how quickly depends on how soon you take a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder! This quick-action remedy works wonders with a sour stomach. Try just one dose and, in a few minutes, feel the relief as burning acid is killed and the sour stomach sweetened. A few moments later you'll be wanting to know—what's for dinner?

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HE who laughs LASTS

MARIAN: Now that we're engaged, dear, you'll give me a ring, won't you?
SANDY: Certainly, darling, what's your number?

"I want some poison to kill mice."
"Shall I send it home for you?"
"Of course. Do you think I'm going to bring the mice here?"

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

"I don't think that worm is even trying!"

"The foreman says a man ought to take pleasure in his work."
"Cripes, he'll be wanting us to pay entertainment tax next."

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LET HEARNE'S deal with these "imps" of mischief and misery. HEARNE'S is a definitely aggressive scientific formula proved during 60 years, that goes right to the affected membrane and exercises a strong local curative and strengthening influence.

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2/6 and 4/6 everywhere

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BRAINWAVES

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"HOW'S business, old boy?"
"Terrible! Even the people who never pay have stopped buying."

"IS she progressive or conservative?"
"I don't know. She wears a last year's hat, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's income!"

MOTORIST (paying farmer who has pulled his car out of a mud hole): I daresay you often pull cars out of this hole?
"Yes," replied the man, "mostly every night."
"What do you do in the daytime?" he was asked.
"Oh, I cart water to this mud hole."

MEMBERS of the Naval Board were examining young applicants for appointment to a naval college.
"Well," said an old admiral to one of the youths, "what must an officer be before he can have a funeral with full naval honors?"
"Dead," answered the bright youth.

THE member was obviously distressed when he rushed into his club.
"My wife's just eloped in my car with my best friend," he announced.
"Good heavens," said a fellow member sympathetically. "Not your new car!"

"MUM, do you know how to get at the cubic contents of a barrel?"
"No—ask your father."

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WHY let those obstinate corns continue to pain and cripple you? Just follow this easy Zam-Buk treatment and you will soon go about with happy, care-free feet.

Night and morning give your feet a thorough soaking in hot water. Then after drying, rub Zam-Buk Ointment well in, especially round the edges and on the tops of the corns. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed and immediately start

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In a few days you will find that you can ease your corns out from their roots without any pain, and you will again know the joy of easy, comfortable feet.

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OH YEAH?

No breakfast food can get me regular

Are you taking sledge hammer blows on your system each morning? Constant use of harsh purges plays havoc with delicate internal muscles. Constipation becomes more serious. Increased purging only aggravates your condition. Never helps.

Ordinary constipation ends only when you get more "bulk" into your system. "Bulk" mostly comes from raw vegetables and fruit—but we never eat enough. However, Kellogg's All-Bran is prepared especially to give the bowels the same "bulk" they get from fruit and vegetables. This "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran brings about a normal, natural movement because when the intestinal muscles get all the "bulk" they need, they function regularly. So start your breakfast each morning with two tablespoonful of Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet breakfast cereal.

Kellogg's All-Bran comes from the packet ready to serve just with milk and sugar.

Within a week you will be regular.

ONE WEEK LATER

Kellogg's All-Bran has got me regular as clockwork!

Absolutely Elsewhere

Continued from page 14

AT the other end of the line, Lord Wimsey chuckled. He said: "I thought it might be. It was hired from a London garage at five o'clock yesterday and brought back just before ten. Have you traced Mrs. Winter?"

"Yes, I think so. She landed from the Calais boat this evening. So apparently she's O.K."

"I thought she might be. Now, listen. Do you know that Harcourt Grimbold's affairs are in a bit of a mess? He nearly had a crisis last July, but somebody came to his rescue—possibly Uncle, don't you think? All rather fishy, my informant said. And I'm told, very confidentially, that he's got badly caught over the Biggars-Whitlow crash. But of course he'll have no difficulty in raising the money now, on the strength of Uncle's will. But I imagine the July business gave Uncle William a jolt. I expect——"

He was interrupted by a little burst of tinkling music, followed by eight silvery strokes of a bell. "Hear that? Recognise it? That's the big french clock in my sitting-room . . . What? All right, Exchange, give me another three minutes. Bunter wants to speak to you again."

The receiver rattled, and the servant's suave voice took up the tale.

"His lordship asks me to ask you, sir, to ring off at once and go straight to the dining-room."

Parker obeyed. As he entered the room, he got an instantaneous impression of its occupants posted as he had left them, their eyes strained towards the french windows. He walked to a table, abstractedly fingered a book on it, then the library door opened noiselessly and Lord Peter Wimsey walked in.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Parker, involuntarily. "How did you get here?" The six watchers sprang into sudden startled life again.

"On the back of the light waves," said Wimsey, smoothing back his hair.

. . . . . .

"It was rather obvious, really," said Wimsey, when they had secured Harcourt Grimbold (who fought desperately) and his brother Neville (who collapsed and had to be revived with brandy). "It had to be those two; they were so very much elsewhere—almost absolutely elsewhere. The murder could only have been committed between 7.57 and 8.6, and there had to be a reason for that prolonged phone-call about something that Harcourt could very well have explained when he came. And the murderer had to be in the library before 7.57, or he would have been seen in the hall—unless Grimbold had let him in by the french window, which didn't appear likely.

"Here's how it was worked. Harcourt set off from Town in a hired car about six o'clock, driving himself. He parked the car at the road-house, giving some explanation. I suppose he wasn't known there?"

"No; it's quite a new place; only opened last month."

"Ah! Then he walked the last quarter-mile on foot, arriving here at 7.45. It was dark, and he probably wore goloshes, so as not to make a noise coming up the path. He let himself into the conservatory with a duplicate key."

"How did he get that?"

"Pinched Uncle William's key off his ring last July, when the old boy was ill. It was probably the shock of hearing that his dear nephew was in trouble that caused the illness. Harcourt was here at the time—you remember it was only Neville that had to be 'sent for'—and I suppose Uncle paid up then, on conditions.

"But I doubt if he'd have done as much again—especially as he was thinking of getting married. And I expect, too, Harcourt thought that uncle might easily alter his will after marriage. He might even have founded a family, and what would poor Harcourt do then, poor thing?

"From every point of view, it was better that uncle should depart this life. So the duplicate key was cut and the plot thought out, and brother Neville, who would 'do anything for Mr. Harcourt,' was roped in to help. I'm inclined to think that Harcourt must have done something rather worse than merely lose money, and Neville may have troubles of his own. But where was I?"

"Coming in at the conservatory door."

"Oh, yes—that's the way I came to-night. He'd take cover in the garden and would know when Uncle William went into the dining-room, because he'd see the library light go out. Remember, he knew the household. He came in, in the dark, locking the outer door after him, and waited by the telephone till Neville's call came through from London. When the bell stopped ringing he lifted the receiver in the library. As soon as Neville had spoken his little piece, Harcourt chipped in.

"Nobody could hear him through these sound-proof doors, and Hamworthy couldn't possibly tell that his voice wasn't coming from London. In fact, it was coming from London, because, as the phones are connected in parallel, it could only come by way of exchange. At eight o'clock the grandfather clock in Jermyn Street struck—further proof that the London line was open.

"When Harcourt heard that he called on Neville to speak again and hung up under cover of the rattle of Neville's receiver. Then Neville detained Hamworthy with a lot of rot about a suit, while Harcourt walked into the dining-room, stabbed his uncle and departed by the window.

"He had five good minutes in which to hurry back to his car and drive off—and Hamworthy and Payne actually gave him a few minutes more by suspecting and hampering each other."

"Why didn't he go back through the library and conservatory?"

"He hoped everybody would think that the murderer had come in by the window. In the meantime, Neville left London at 8.10 in Harcourt's car, carefully drawing the attention of a policeman and a garage man to the licence number as he passed through Welwyn. At an appointed place outside Welwyn he met Harcourt, primed him with his little story about tail-lights, and changed cars with him. Neville returned to town with the hired bus; Harcourt came back here with his own car.

"But I'm afraid you'll have a little difficulty in finding the weapon and the duplicate key and Harcourt's blood-stained gloves and coat. Neville probably took them back, and they may be anywhere. There's a good, big river in London."

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Animal Antics

"Stick around, my dear, we're having the Willoughbys for dinner."

IT'S SO QUICK WITH ZEBO

Zebo goes to work instantly, it cleans and polishes in one simple operation. One minute your stove is drab and dull, the next it simply shines back at you. With Zebo, stoves and grates are polished quickly, easily, no fuss, no mess, no waste. Use Zebo straight from the tin — just shake a little on a cloth or brush—then polish. Keep a tin of Zebo always handy for quick touch-ups. Get Zebo from your Grocer.

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One-time Sufferers Praise This Medicine

Mr. H. T., Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "*My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back.*"

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Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids. Kills the germs which are infecting kidneys, bladder and urinary system. Helps nature to strengthen and reinvigorate kidneys and protects against further attack.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes— 1/10, 4/2, 8/4

This is a GUARANTEED Remedy **Cystex** for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

TELLS SAFE, SIMPLE WAY TO TREAT AND RELIEVE AT HOME.

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms may be entirely overcome by the following treatment which you can easily prepare in your own home at little cost. Secure from your chemist 1 ounce of Parmint (double-strength). Take this home and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

An improvement is usually noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing becomes easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh and which are overcome by this efficacious treatment. It is said that nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are caused by catarrh, and there must, therefore, be many people whose hearing should be restored by this simple, harmless, home treatment.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

By Accident

Continued from page 6

A PAIR of cracked ribs—"Easy, jad! Relax if you can," Dave and Barbara heard him say, as they watched in awed silence.

The ambulances went wailing back to the city. The cars which had choked the highway filled up and moved on. Only a few curious ones remained to inspect the twisted wreckage and trace the paths of the ill-fated vehicles in their moment of extremity.

Methodically Dr. Preston repacked his emergency kit, while Babs and Dave stood watching him.

"All set," said Dr. Preston, snapping shut the worn old bag. "Where's your car, Dave?"

"Back there." They walked slowly to the car. Babs' face was strained and white, and her lips were quivering. Getting soft, Dr. Preston mused. Two years away from blood and dirt and suffering . .

"Dad!" The word was a fierce little cry of anguish. Her arms swept round her father, and in an instant she was sobbing—great, tearing sobs that racked her body—on his breast. "Dad . . . oh, Dad!"

"Why, Babs, darling!" he whispered. "What's the matter, chick?"

She threw back her head suddenly. She looked, not at her father, but at Dave.

"I want you to know—both of you—that I don't think you're a funny old country doctor," she said. "I'm proud of you. I love you just as you are. Just as everyone does, for miles and miles around."

Dave spoke in amazement: "But Babs, dear! I thought——"

She turned on him with sudden fierceness. "I don't care what you thought! I hate you! You and your big home, and servants, and your father's chemical factory!"

Dr. Preston saw the youngster pale beneath the sun-bronzed skin.

"I can't help those things, Babs," he said in a queer, tight voice. "And I don't know why you shouldn't be proud of your father. Why, he's—he's the sort of man—doing the things—I mean, ever since I was a kid, I've wanted to be a doctor, and——"

Babs' arms unwrapped themselves slowly. "But you've always laughed at my old country doctor father!" she accused.

"Because you called him that, and told me how silly he was about asking anyone to pay what they owed him, and how he believed in some of the old-fashioned remedies, and the phases of the moon, and how he mended everything with adhesive tape and——"

"Dave!" cried Babs, scarlet and wide-eyed. "I—I was so afraid—when you came here—you might expect too much . . . And it would have hurt me so if . . . if you hadn't loved him, too."

Old Dr. Preston smiled. He couldn't see very well at the moment, and there was a constriction in his throat, but he managed to say what was on his mind.

"If I get all of this straightened out you're a precious pair of young idiots," he commented. "And if you want to be a doctor, Dave, don't let anything hold you back. You may never make much money, but you'll live a full life, every minute of it."

"But Dad wants me to take over the business," Dave said slowly. "Run the plant . . ."

"It's your life," Dr. Preston said soberly.

"And . . . I'll wait for you, Dave," Babs whispered.

Something dawned in Dave's face. It was as though the light of a lifted torch were reflected there.

"Thanks," he said huskily. "Thank you both. I—I can see where I'm going, now."

But he couldn't, for there were tears brimming his eyes, and he stumbled as he moved towards the car.

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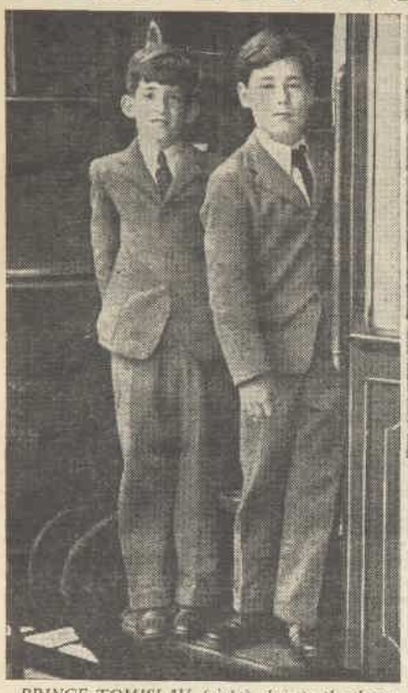
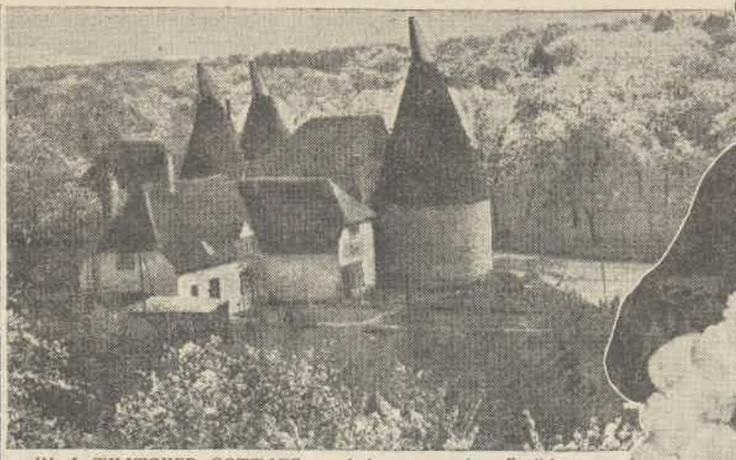
KING PETER'S MOTHER IN ENGLAND



PRINCE TOMISLAV (right), heir to the throne of Yugoslavia, and his brother, Prince Andrej, who are at school in England.



IN A THATCHED COTTAGE attached to an ancient English house lives Queen Marie of Yugoslavia.

QUEEN MARIE of Yugoslavia.

Queen Marie of Yugoslavia lives in simple thatched cottage

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in England.

From the gardens round their thatched cottages the people of a little English village are bringing flowers and messages of sympathy to the cottage in their midst where lives Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, mother of King Peter.

GUARDED by two stalwarts who do not speak English, the Queen-Mother of Yugoslavia has lived in this quiet retreat for over a year. During school holidays she is joined by her two younger sons, Prince Tomislav, heir to the throne, and Prince Andrej, who are at school in England.

The villagers take themselves very seriously since they've begun to understand the importance of the personage in their midst, and I had to produce my identity card over and over again before they'd even speak of the Queen.

Lying in a little hollow at the foot of small hills, the group of a hundred thatched houses is cut off entirely from the outside world.

Famous guest

AS a result of the revolution and now the war in Yugoslavia, of which place most of the villagers had never heard, the tiny parish has become famous as the home of Queen Marie.

She lives in a modernised chauffeur's cottage attached to an old house whose history dates back to the turbulent days of England's Civil War.

In the old house lives Mrs. H. V. Cresswell, an old school friend of the Queen, who was educated in England.

There's a small lawn in front of the house, and here the Queen whiles away the hours playing croquet or gardening in beds bordering the lawn.

When Queen Marie came to England with her two younger sons just over a year ago she was not in good health. After an operation she went to stay with Mrs. Cresswell, and she has been there ever since.

When her sons come home from school they lead the same life as the other village children, buying a pennyworth of jujubes in the village shop which is also the post office.

The postmistress told me, "They are nice little boys, and speak lovely English, not a bit strange. They buy postcards, pencils, and sweets."

The Queen is well known by sight to the villagers, though they had no idea of where she had reigned.

A farmer, who is chairman of the Parish Council, said, "We thought at first that Mrs. Cresswell was the Queen for the Queen dresses so simply, and is so retiring.

"She is very fond of children, however, and knows every child in the village, and never passes one without stopping and talking. She is most fond of the babies, and always talks to their mothers."

Mrs. Christmas, mother of a two-year-old son, Owen, whose father is in the army, said:

"The Queen never passes without speaking to Owen.

"She has a rich, deep voice, and speaks very good English. We have many evacuees here now, and the Queen always asks their names and where they come from, and next time remembers them by name.

"Though we grown-ups do not know her very well, she's a great favorite with all the children."

FOOD FOR MUSCLE BONE AND NERVES

Ovaltine is made of fresh full-cream milk, new laid eggs and rich barley malt. You need the carbohydrates, proteins and fats it contains. Growing children, invalids, and convalescents especially need them. Ovaltine contains maltose—quick supplier of energy. Phosphorus—to build bone and nerves. Calcium—to build bone and muscular tone and thicken thin blood. Iron, potassium, magnesium, sodium, sulphur — mineral salts without which no one can be healthy. Vitamins—to promote growth, sound teeth, good digestion, and protect against rickets, influenza and colds.

HOT OR COLD

Do you sometimes sleep badly—turn from side to side without rest, irritably wishing you could doze off? Wake during the night? Feel pulled down and tired in the morning?

You can put an end to this.

Last thing at night, drink a cup of delicious Ovaltine. It will lull you to sleep quickly and soundly. You will wake refreshed and bright.

From tea or supper at 6 or 6.30, until breakfast next morning, is a long time for you to go without nourishment. Ovaltine at bedtime gives your body what it needs for quiet, nourishing sleep. While you rest, Ovaltine gives you strength, feeds your nerves, stores up energy.

OVALTINE

is Food and Drink to You

At all chemists and stores—1/9, 2/10, 5/-.

S18-41

S.B.3

AS modern as youth itself, this hand-knit jumper and skirt outfit helps you to look your loveliest. Knit it with famous Sunbeam Crepe or Gypsy Wool. See Sunbeam Frock Book No. 30, price 1/-, for instructions.

All the newest, smartest ideas in hand-knitwear are in the 1941 Sun-Glo Knitting Books. Over 70 designs are shown in the "1941 Style Guide"—*FREE if you send the coupon now.*

In all your knitting be sure to use Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool and Sunbeam Crochet, Wilga, Crepe, Gypsy and Brenda Wools.

FREE KNITTING DESIGNS STYLE GUIDE

Alexandria Spinning Mills, 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

Please send me your latest Style Guide to 1941 hand Knitwear.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

A.W.W.

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney. Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd., all States.

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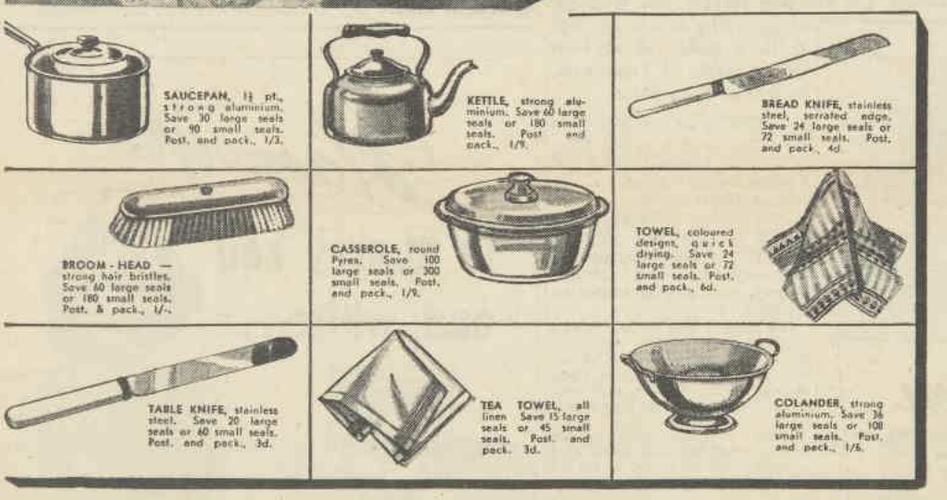
FREE GIFTS

to delight a woman's heart

THERE'S A REAL thrill when you collect your free gift from the Vita-Brits seals that you have been saving. Every article in the big range of high quality gifts is something useful and really worth having. Buy Vita-Brits — the crisp, crunchy breakfast cereal that is packed full of nourishment, and start saving the seals today.



OVER 300 GIFTS TO CHOOSE FROM—

The high quality and useful articles pictured at left are typical of the gifts you get in exchange for the seals which you will find on the side of every Vita-Brits packet. The gift range includes fancy goods, household linen, kitchenware, cutlery, crockery, china and glassware. All these gifts are displayed at the Gift Showrooms where you can inspect in comfort and at your leisure.

VITA·BRITS

★ To get your gifts quicker, combine your Crispies seals with the seals from the packets of Vita-Brits and Spry's Cornflakes.

THE MORNING, NOON & NIGHT CEREAL

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS—At the Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, all the gifts are clearly displayed and marked with their exchange values. By bringing the necessary number of seals to the Showrooms, you can take immediate delivery of the gift you prefer.
If you live out of town, you can have your gift forwarded to you by sending in the necessary seals to the Showrooms, together with (1) your name and address, (2) details of the gift you prefer, (3) necessary postage and packing charge.
The large (24 oz.) packets of Vita-Brits carry a large seal. The small (12 oz.) packets carry a small seal. In exchange values for gifts, three small seals equal one large seal.

VITA-BRITS GIFT SHOWROOMS

Sydney: 263 Castlereagh St. (Opp. Mark Foys) **Wollongong:** Coupon Gift Centre, Crown St.
Newcastle: Coupon Gift Centre, Hunter St. **Lithgow:** Coupon Gift Centre, Main Street.
Cessnock: Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent St. **West Maitland:** Coupon Gift Centre, High St.
Parramatta: Coupon Gift Centre, Macquarie Street.

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Fashion Right . . .

. . . That is just one of the characteristics of MARSHALL FABRICS, always Fashion Right, but if you ask to see MARSHALL FABRICS when you are next in your favourite store—then you'll understand why discriminating women always want MARSHALL FABRICS. They are so gay, original, colourful, and dependable for wear.

Yes, MARSHALL FABRICS are just the very things whether for dresses or furnishings—and remember that every MARSHALL FABRIC range is invariably PRICE RIGHT and STYLE RIGHT.

For Style and Dependability

Marshall Fabrics

Marshall Fabrics

Agents:
Heat & Best, Sydney and Melbourne; G. V. Pounder, Perth, W.A.

How to Reduce Varicose Veins

Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart, as Blood in Veins Flows that Way

Many people have given up hope because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of **Moone's Emerald Oil** (full strength) at any chemist's and apply it night and morning as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a harmless, yet most powerful germicide, so a bottle lasts a very long time.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else 1/3½

Women also Serve.

Orders food supplies for St. Andrew's Hut

THE Easter holidays provided some difficulties for the caterers at the Soldiers' Hut at St. Andrew's Cathedral, George Street.

More than double the usual amount of stores had to be ordered and kept for four days, and the storerooms and cool cupboards were packed to the roofs with food.

As 600 to 800 meals are served during the week, and 1000 during the week-end, the voluntary buyers, Miss Isabel Sutton and Miss Joan Pollock, had to get in enormous quantities of food.

Among the orders were 450lb. of rashers of bacon, 200lb. of leg of mutton, 50lb. of butter, 325 loaves of bread, and 220 dozen eggs, to say nothing of the bushels of peas and other green vegetables and fruit.

Now in its second year, the hut and canteen at St. Andrew's are most popular with service men.

Three shifts of 30 voluntary workers are needed every day.

On Monday the workers are members of the Country Women's Association, and are directed by Mrs. Carty Salmon. They wear yellow uniforms.

On Tuesday, members of the Church Women's Association, with Mrs. B. O'Conor in charge, wear blue uniforms.

On Wednesday Mrs. Millett directs members of the Canadian Women's Auxiliary, and on Thursday Miss Millsop takes charge of the Girls' Friendly Society workers, who wear print frocks.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday other helpers from the Church Women's Association, under Mrs. Ruthven, Mrs. Gates, Mrs. White, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Hammond, and Miss Mann, wear dirndls, blue-and-red printed frocks, and green uniforms, respectively.

From early morning till the hut closes at 10 p.m. there is a steady stream of service men, visitors who pay a small sum for their meals.

The hut also provides shower rooms, a huge recreation room with gramophones, wirelesses, and billiard tables, and a writing room well equipped with reading matter.

All the equipment was donated.

With excellent voluntary cooks, menus are varied.

A typical lunch includes hamburgers, boiled mutton, roast veal, peas, tomatoes, and potatoes, and Spanish cream, fruit salad or apple pies.

MISS ISABEL SUTTON, voluntary caterer for St. Andrew's Church Hut, is helped in the storeroom by canteen-worker Miss Jean Henry.

Social events for good causes

APRIL 15 and 16: Performance, "Importance of Being Earnest," Conservatorium, 8 p.m. For R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund and Day Nurseries.

April 16: Lady Wakehurst opens Red Cross Conference, David Jones', George Street.

April 16: Cocktail party in aid of Lord Mayor's Fund, Prince's.

April 17: Bridge party in aid of C.U.S.A., Forum Club.

April 18: Fete, Town Hall, for King George V Memorial Hospital.

April 19: Lady Wakehurst opens Red Cross Home, Waverley.

April 19: Victoria League Young Contingent's party, home of Miss Fairfax, Bellevue Hill, 5 p.m.

MRS. ERNEST McKEWAN (left) reads the menu for Mrs. R. Monoghan to type at the Army War Comforts Cafeteria.

Army Comforts Auxiliary runs cafeteria-workroom

WORKING on a five-day-a-week basis, the Army War Comforts Auxiliary, at 77 King Street, Sydney, is making an average of £12 a week from its canteen.

One side of the big room on the fifth floor is furnished as a most modern cafeteria, while behind blue checked gingham curtains members are busily running electric sewing and knitting machines.

Mrs. Ernest McKewan, honorary secretary of the auxiliary, designed the color scheme of cheerful red, white, and blue for the cafeteria, which is open to the public from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Twelve helpers a day do the cooking and serving at the cafeteria, while 40 or 50 other members work in the sewing section which is financed by the profits from the cafeteria.

All the articles made for the soldiers are distributed through the Lord Mayor's Comforts Fund, and many of the workers attend every day.

Among those who assist Mrs. McKewan are Mrs. R. Monoghan, Mrs. Douglas Doyle, Mrs. Rex Bennett, Mrs. David Roper, Mrs. W. Owen, and Mrs. G. Dennis.

The auxiliary, which opened its rooms in February, is supporting the Queen of the Army (Miss Diana Massie) in the Red Cross Queen Competition.

APPLAUSE FOR BEAUTY CREAM DISCOVERY

DOROTHY LEYLAND tells why

Even the cynics are excited! Every day someone says to me: "Dorothy, it's a downright miracle! *Me* with a rose-petal complexion!" or "Miss Leyland, I'd never have believed a beauty cream could make *my* 40 years look 23!" That's how Skin Deep has amazed them . . . and I'll eat my new Autumn hat, fur trimmings and all, if *you* don't feel the same about it! Skin Deep is an absolutely new type of cream — *non-alkaline*, just like your skin itself.

Only Cream of Its Kind

Non-Alkaline Skin Deep is the coolest, softest, lightest possible cream. Use it to see your skin blossom into freshness, to feel it grow satiny and smooth.

Absorbed by the Skin 87% More

Deep down to the thirsty underlying tissues goes this rich, refreshing cream; SKIN DEEP brings back the young-girl look which fades so quickly in fierce Australian sunshine and drying winds. No greasy bed-time faces with SKIN DEEP!

Skin Deep

Atkinsons . . . London . . . Sydney

A.14.32

New *Under-arm* **Cream Deodorant** *safely* **Stops Perspiration**

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

18 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9d. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Passett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

PAIN YOU CAN'T "*Explain*"

★ **AMAZING ACTEVIN (anti-spasm) compound Ends Needless Suffering Every Month . . .**

ALREADY five out of every nine women have changed to *Myzone* for better relief of period pain. For *Myzone's* own *actevin* (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick — and more complete and lasting — relief without any "doping."

WHEN you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps . . . when headache and sick-feeling and that dreadful weakness makes you want to sit down and cry . . . let *Myzone* bring you blessed ease and comfort.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are absolutely safe, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try *Myzone* with your very next "pain." All chemists.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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Wright's Coal Tar Soap isn't a household word in Hollywood. But it's a household word wherever English is spoken! And that seems to us to be more impressive. In England it's been famous for seventy years. That's since just before Gladstone was Prime Minister for the first time. There must be a solid worth in a soap that gains its reputation like this. You might do worse than give it a trial.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

11d. a Cake - - Bath size, 1/7 Including Sales Tax.

4.6.41

FREE BOOK *for Mothers!*

Gives advice and instruction on the care and feeding of baby, what to do in the weaning and teething period, how to remedy baby's ailments. Shows how Robinson's Patent Groats and milk are used as a dietary aid for expectant and nursing mothers. To secure your copy, write Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2515 BB, Sydney, N.S.W., and enclose 2d. stamp.

B 241.

ROBINSON'S *Patent* BARLEY

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid**, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts.

Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell **Vaculoid** with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

★★★ THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

(Week's Best Release)

Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant. (MGM.)

HEPBURN'S comeback film is going to put its star right back where she belongs — in the front rank of romantic heroines.

She has never done anything better than her portrait of the haughty, immature, but essentially appealing Tracy Lord, member of Philadelphia's exclusive society.

A sophisticated tale about sophisticated people, which balances its comedy with its romance beautifully, the film tells of the way of a wilful maid with three men.

But these people are delightfully human and witty—and their moods, their manoeuvrings make charming, rich entertainment.

Jimmy Stewart is there giving his Academy Award winning performance—and a grand performance it is, too. As the "scandal-sheet" reporter who imagines himself in love with Hepburn, he is boyishly enthusiastic, idealistic—irresistibly winning.

Cary Grant plays Hepburn's ex-husband, John Howard her husband-to-be. Both are good performances.

To sum up, a skilfully-directed, artistically-acted comedy that gives brilliant adult enjoyment.—Liberty; showing.

PRIVATE VIEWS

● By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer ●

★★★ TIN PAN ALLEY

Alice Faye, John Payne, Betty Grable, Jack Oakie. (Fox.)

AS a change from the usual grandiose musical, Fox here tells the story of four very real people against a background of song-publishing New York.

The human appeal and the amusement in the film spring from the rollicking comedy of Jack Oakie, John Payne's bluntness, and the blonde, cute impertinence of Betty Grable. Alice Faye is here, too, singing the songs of the film's 1915-1917 period with feeling. But was it kind to team Alice with Miss Grable? She looks old and tired in comparison.

The plot itself has more depth than is customary: Jack and John are struggling song-publishers, whose romances run a stormy course and whose finances are just as precarious. It takes, indeed, the entrance of America into the last war to solve their problems.

In the musical sequences the finest things are the early cafe scene, Betty's singing of "Honeysuckle Rose," Alice's patriotic ballad —and the entrance of comedian Billy Gilbert into the "Sheik of Araby." Watch for this sequence. It introduces not only a singing Billy, but a pair of extraordinary eccentric dancers in the Nicholas Brothers.—Regent; showing.

★★ TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME

Cesar Romero, Virginia Gilmore. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

THE many fans of Cesar Romero will appreciate this refreshing nonsense tale about a gangster leader who wants to impress the boys with his prowess at killing; but who is so soft-hearted that he hides out his "victims" in the basement of his palatial mansion.

Yes, it's a light satire on gangster films. Romero has discarded his Cisco Kid costume for drawing-room clothes to play the pseudo-killer. And he is at his most engaging.

You'll like pert, pretty Virginia Gilmore. She sings a couple of good numbers—the best is "Wishful Thinking." Angular Charlotte Greenwood as a nightclub hostess is as amusing as ever.—Embassy; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ SANTA FE TRAIL

Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland. (Warners.)

A STORY of pre-Civil War Kansas, and army heroes of that day, "Santa Fe Trail" is an exciting adventure yarn.

Errol Flynn, as "Jeb" Stuart, destined to become a famous leader of the Civil War, is one of a group of West Point graduates. They are assigned to the dangerous Leavenworth post to round up the fanatic rebel John Brown and his followers.

Errol Flynn is dashing and romantic as Jeb Stuart, with Ronald Reagon as his rival for the affections of the venturesome Olivia de Havilland. William Lundigan is another West Point graduate. Van Heflin as the treacherous Rader, who joins with Brown only to betray him, does a good job.—Plaza; showing.

★★ BOOM TOWN

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr. (MGM.)

THIS comedy-drama of the oil-fields has been made as a frame for star-personalities.

Clark Gable is the big, tough, engaging he-man. Gable's performance is unusually self-conscious. Tracy is his partner, who loses the girl. Tracy's performance is the hit of the film.

Claudette Colbert plays the girl engaged to Tracy, who marries Gable instead, and Hedy is the rich girl who comes between husband and wife. Hedy has comedy in this picture, and does surprisingly well.

The large, rambling story just follows the fortunes of Tracy and Gable from poverty to riches, back to poverty and up into the millionaire class again. It is popular, dramatic stuff, with big oil-well spectacle thrown in, and Frank Morgan there for comedy.

"Boom Town" will delight the admirers of each star. As general entertainment, it is acceptable for action-lovers; but it could have had more sincerity.—St. James; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★ **North-West Mounted Police.** Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll in spectacular outdoor drama.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★★ **Mr. and Mrs. Smith.** Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery in sophisticated domestic farce.—Century, 2nd week.

★★ **Tree of Liberty.** Cary Grant, Martha Scott in appealing historical adventure.—State, 2nd week.

★★ **Power and the Glory.** Katrin Rosselle, Lou Vernon in Australian wartime drama praising R.A.A.F. —Mayfair, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

WHEN Ginger Rogers reported for work the morning after she received the Academy Award for the Best Actress of 1940 in "Kitty Foyle," she was surprised to find everybody on the set lined up to greet her.

From director Garson Kanin down to the last electrician, they were all dressed in white tie and tails. She was touched by the little party arranged in her honor.

Ginger is currently playing in "Tom, Dick, and Harry."

* * *

FRIENDS of Danielle Darrieux report she is making films for the Nazis. The French star had signed a contract with a German film concern before the war, and, being caught in the occupation of Paris, has had to fulfil her obligations. Universal also has an option on her services, but can't do anything about it.

* * *

MOST sought-after actor in Hollywood is suave, distinguished James Stephenson. After stealing the male honors from Herbert Marshall in "The Letter," he took the lead in "Flight From Destiny," in which he played a doctor. He is a doctor again in "Shining Victory."

Visiting the set I found him practising his next scene quietly by himself. Dressed in his white coat, Mr. Stephenson was giving a very professional hypodermic injection to a purple cushion. "I'm getting my hand in," he explained.

* * *

CARY GRANT can't live without his Babs. When the former Barbara Hutton proposed to go to New York for a visit, he begged her to stay until he finished his picture. Babs stayed.

* * *

GRETA GARBO will start work very shortly on a comedy as yet untitled. The story has a modern setting, and will present the star in dual roles.

In the past, Garbo's success lay in the European market. However, her first comedy role, in "Ninotchka," proved a box-office winner in the U.S.A.

* * *

MYRNA LOY is a new person since her reconciliation with her husband, Arthur Hornblow, jun. They both agree that life will be different from now on. They are going to spend more time with each other, and less time at their respective jobs.

As soon as Myrna finishes "Love Crazy," they will go off together on a holiday.

* * *

RUMORS were stopped when Charlie Chaplin appeared with Paulette Goddard at the Robert Sherwood play, "There Shall Be No Night." There has been persistent talk that it was all over between Charlie and Paulette.

* * *

HAVING finished "The Great Lie," George Brent has retired to a sanitarium in Pasadena for a complete rest. Even Ann Sheridan can't get in to see him.

Brent takes periodic vacations in this manner. He locks himself up, stays in bed with a heap of books, and sees no one.

A FEW weeks ago Norman Kerry, star of silents, trapped by the war, was destitute in Lisbon. Friends financed his trip home. Here he is taken on his arrival at an American airport.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW tells that he received a letter from 18-year-old sister Eileen, now in London. Says Eileen:

"I wish I were with you in Hollywood. Nothing interesting ever happens here."

* * *

LANA TURNER'S bosses have told her that she must go to bed early and get plenty of rest—or else!

Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 2 tasteless tablets with mealsand Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm dissolves. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the strangling mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. L. writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 28 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. Yet be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco

Now in 3 sizes 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

New Comfort for Those Who Wear
FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be uncomfortable. **FASTEETH**, a new, improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates, keeps them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Deodorizes. Get **FASTEETH** to-day, any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Salt of the Empire

Victory in this war will largely depend on Britain's trade of which Cerebos Salt forms a part.

Cerebos Salt is the First Salt of the Empire upon which the Sun never sets. *Use Cerebos.*

CEREBOS SALT

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SLIP of a GIRL WINS SUCCESS

...in powerful dramatic roles

THIS YEAR IDA LUPINO WILL HAVE HER HUSBAND, LOUIS HAYWARD, FOR HER HERO IN THEIR FIRST FILM TOGETHER

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

AT last a fully-fledged star, 24-year-old Ida Lupino lives happily in her Hollywood home with her handsome actor-husband, Louis Hayward, and her English actress-mother, Connie Emerald.

She gives up a good deal of her spare time to writing long letters home to her proud father, Stanley Lupino, her cousins, Lupino Lane and Wallace Lupino, and to her adoring fifteen-year-old sister, all of whom, with the exception of her sister, have been well known on the English stage for years.

These days Ida has plenty to tell them, for since she won stardom in Warners' "The Road to Frisco" she has had as much film work as she can cope with—and all of her roles of an unusually strong, demanding type.

Following "High Sierra," the gangster drama in which she appeared opposite Humphrey Bogart, Ida has completed "The Sea Wolf," the screen version of Jack London's story, in which she stars with Edward G. Robinson.

One of a very long line of acting Lupinos—they're said to go back two hundred and fifty years—Ida is nobly carrying on with the family tradition. Her reputation as an actress means more to her than obtaining a good "camera angle"—and that is saying a lot in the glamor-conscious movie world. She likes work—if it's good work, and means a role that, as she puts it, she "can get her teeth into."

People who meet Ida for the first time are surprised at her physical frailty. She weighs only seven stone three pounds, and looks the perfect ingenue.

BY no means a conventional beauty, she is the soft, brown-haired type, with very fine clear skin and greyish eyes.

In her dressing she is very chic and soignee, but her taste runs to simple styles—particularly combinations of black and white.

You'll see her mostly in tailored suits. She dislikes anything frilly.

Her chief interest outside her home, her husband, and her career lies in war work, to which she gives up a good deal of her time.

This year Ida and her husband, Louis Hayward, realise a long-cherished ambition, for they are going to make their first film together. This will be the Columbia thriller, "Ladies in Retirement."

Ida and Louis, who have been married three years, are well suited to each other. Both are high-spirited, fun-loving, and very, very earnest about their careers. And they never dream of interfering with each other's work.

Ida laughingly declares that she always meant to marry an actor—"to carry on the family tradition."

Ida's nursery was the stage. Her parents began her training when she was seven.

IT is not surprising that at the tender age of thirteen she was eager to begin her own career.

"Father was just as determined that I should complete my schooling. So was mother.

"But I was headstrong and kept right on arguing. Finally poor father agreed that I should start out that afternoon, and make the rounds of all the theatrical agencies.

"I didn't know it at the time, but father called up his friends at every important agency, and told them not to give me a job.

"But, instead of going to the agencies, I headed for the casting offices at Elstree. I dressed up in one of mother's dresses and a pair of high-heeled shoes. I got a job as one of a mob of other girls."

This enterprising young woman did not remain an extra long. She played leading roles in a number of English pictures, and in 1933 she arrived in Hollywood.

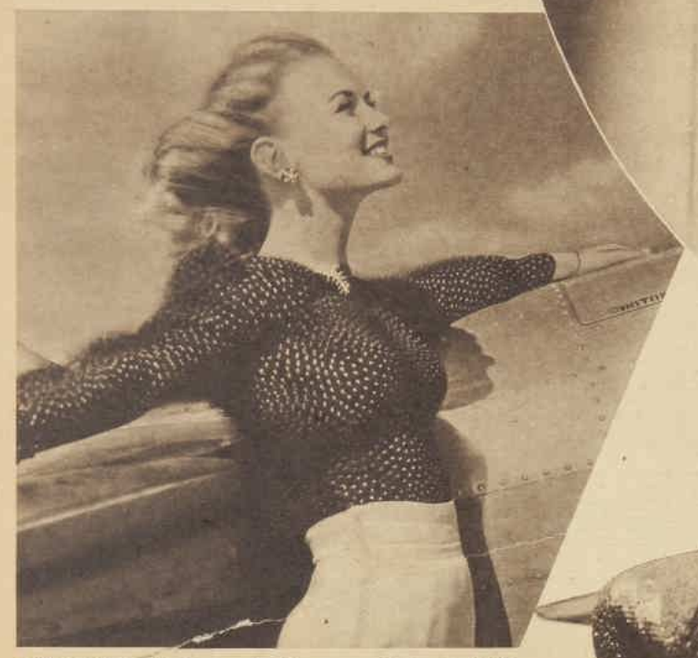
• Home study of Ida Lupino, Warners star, and her husband, the popular young actor, Louis Hayward. Ida's next film is "The Sea Wolf."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4717879

Screen welcomes

A silver-blonde

¶ Decorative Veronica Lake has the face of an impish angel, the mind of a scholar. To become a doctor she enrolled in Montreal's McGill University, but changed her mind when Paramount offered the aviation drama, "I Wanted Wings."



● United States Air Force authorities were so intrigued with this Paramount "Wings" photograph of Veronica Lake that they obtained permission to use it on their recruiting posters.

● Veronica Lake, five feet two inches tall, just seven stone in weight, has naturally silver hair, fair complexion, and a freckled nose. She skis, swims, rides, is an excellent cook—and was discovered by Myrna Loy's husband, the producer, Arthur Hornblow.

a Star salutes MAX FACTOR

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CITY OR TOWN	Fair ☐	Grey ☐	BRUNETTE: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
STATE	Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
W.W.24.	Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD: Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS: Moist ☐
	Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐		Dry ☐
	Sallow ☐	Black ☐		AGE
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Max Factor ★ Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia: Fred C. James and Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd., Box 3962V., G.P.O., Sydney.

FOUR "MUSTS"...

for the social climber

From Christine Webb in Hollywood

YOU may think the possession of glittering sapphires, a swimming-pool in your garden, or a luxury home staffed with a butler or two would make you a social success in Hollywood.

Not at all. If you would mix with all the right people you must own—

A farm.
A station waggon.
A boat.
An aeroplane.

It may be a grand New England estate like Bette Davis' new acquisition in New Hampshire.

Or it may be a cattle ranch like that of Joel McCrea, who breeds choice prize steers, and, by the way, makes a good deal of money at it.

It can be just a dairy farm. Thomas Mitchell owns one, and proudly boasts to his friends that his farm produces the best cream in California.

Then you have the mountain retreat, of which Errol Flynn is chief exponent. Errol has bought a property on a mountain top in the Malibus, which he maintains for the benefit of six horses, a herd of goats, and a pack of lion hounds.

Socially speaking, the ranch farm like that of William Boyd or Clark Gable is also a good investment. Or you may prefer a pineapple farm in Hawaii—such as John Halliday owns.

Everybody owns some kind of country retreat which affords its owner the opportunity of at least talking about "returning to the soil," "communing with nature," or "getting away from it all."

The station waggon, which goes with the farm, ranch, or mountain retreat, should have the monograms of the property in letters at least four inches high, and should always be driven at a reckless pace by the property owner himself.

The Clark Gables, Joel McCreas, Humphrey Bogarts, and the Andy Devines are among the many who adhere to these traditions.

The station waggon that Bette Davis drives to the studio every day bears the name of her home, River Bottom Ranch, spelt right out!

A boat is not quite as essential as the first two items, but it's a wonderful help to the social climber.

Be it luxury 60ft. yacht, schooner, or just a rowboat, it provides a topic of conversation.

It doesn't matter so much if you haven't a farm, a station waggon, or a boat, so long as you own an aeroplane.

If you're a pilot who owns his own plane, like James Stewart, or an airwoman like Olivia de Havilland or Margaret Sullavan, you have the entree into Hollywood's most exclusive circles.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4717881

At home with the Kellaways

● Keeping up with doings in Australia by reading Sydney newspapers and listening regularly to short-wave broadcasts picked up by his elaborate receiving set is part of Cecil Kellaway's day.

These pictures were actually photographed by Barbara Bourchier, our special representative in Hollywood.

● Cecil Kellaway, with his wife, in an attractive corner of their living-room, where chairs and curtains in pastel shades are set off by a deep blue carpet.

● There's nothing like a good cup of tea, even in the land of coffee and doughnuts. Kellaway in his streamlined kitchen.

CECIL LIKED IN AMERICA

IN the two years since his flying visit to Australia, plump, jovial Cecil Kellaway has settled down happily in Hollywood.

He has bought his own two-storied home on the outskirts of the film town, where he has settled in with his attractive wife and two sons.

America has taken this charming, good-natured actor from down under completely to its heart.

He is in fact one of Australia's best good-will ambassadors over here. He has made many friendships in the colony, keeps in touch with Australians working there, and is an enthusiastic supporter of the recently inaugurated Anzac War Relief Fund.

Cecil has built up a solid reputation as a dependable character actor.

● Front view of the Kellaways' delightful new home, with the proud owners in the foreground. House is typically Californian in architecture, but there's Australian tea-tree growing in front, and a Queensland banana plant in the patio.

Results of authentic NATIONAL SURVEY conducted among thousands of dentists

IPANA IS THE DENTISTS' PERSONAL CHOICE 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE!

Help yourself to firmer gums, brighter teeth with Ipana and massage — the tooth paste used by three times as many dentists as any other dentifrice!

HAVE YOU heard about the recent Survey? Well, it was an independent survey conducted among thousands of dentists throughout the Commonwealth.

This one big fact stood out! . . .

Three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dental preparation paste or powder. In fact, more than the next three dentifrices combined!

What a remarkable tribute to Ipana! . . . from those who know most about the proper care of teeth and gums — the dentists of Australia.

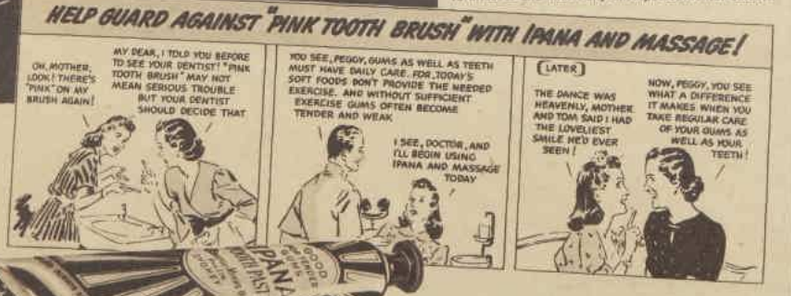
Why not give your teeth, your gums, your smile, daily care with the same dentifrice that so many dentists themselves use? For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly — but, with massage, to aid the gums to health.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your chemist's to-day! And start now to let the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth — a more attractive smile!

* * *

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

HELP GUARD AGAINST "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE!



Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY . . . *Regular Size 1/- — Super Size 2/-*

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ROMANCE . . . Down Argentine Way

1 **WEALTHY** young Argentine aristocrat Ricardo (Don Ameche) is sent to New York to sell horses for father (Henry Stephenson).

2 **AT HORSE SHOW** he flirts with American Glenda until he learns her father is family's enemy.

3 **INFURIATED** by Ricardo's coldness and his deliberate sale to another girl of a horse he has promised her, Glenda enlists her aunt (Charlotte Greenwood) and chases him back to Argentine.

4 **AFTER** snubbing Ricardo in weeks of festivities, Glenda hears the truth.

5 **NOW HEADLONG** in love, Ricardo persuades Glenda to visit his home, only to have his unrelenting father, after violent quarrel with Ricardo, order her off property.

❖ Technicolor musical ❖

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S musical romance, "Down Argentine Way," illustrates the new spirit of goodwill between North and South America. Its songs include Spanish and Mexican numbers sung by Carmen Miranda—yes, she makes her debut in this film—and the Tito Guizar trio. Don Ameche and Betty Grable carry on the atmosphere with "South American Way" and "Sing to Your Senorita."

"Hullo, hullo," said Mrs. Tindall tearfully, "is that Messrs. Snap, Crackle and Pop the breakfast experts? Please, oh please tell me how to make Peggy eat up her breakfast?" "Just you give her a plateful of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," said Snap, Crackle and Pop!

My, oh my! When Peggy heard that Snap, Crackle and Pop as the milk went on her Rice Bubbles, it tickled her fancy so much, she *gobbled* them up!

Wasn't it a lucky day for Mummy when she found out about that lovely oven-popped rice Kellogg's make! Lucky for Peggy too—because Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are bursting with so much energising nourishment that Mummy will soon have to let Peggy's frocks out. Little tummies find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles so easy to digest. That's why they make an ideal meal before bed-time as well as breakfast. Get a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day.

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice

COMIC-CUTS BEARDS ... *made to order*

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood.

THE latest bearded gentleman in Hollywood is nineteen - year - old Mickey Rooney.

On that downy cheek and jaw sprout luxuriant golden whiskers, elaborately curled.

It's for a Greek play sequence in his new film, "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary."

Once the prerogative of Wild West characters, aged actors, and Orson Welles, beards adorn the faces of the most surprising people.

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby both wear short, shaggy beards for scenes in "The Road to Zanzibar," the comedy in which they're co-starring.

Genial Bing was so effectively disguised that his small sons, Lindsay and Phillip, wouldn't believe it was father beneath the crepe whiskers.

Bob Hope moans faintly whenever "beard" is mentioned. In a later scene in this film, a Zanzibar barber removes Bob's beard in the Zanzibar manner—with a lighted taper. Bob's jutting jaw got in the way and nearly went up in smoke.

As "The Wild Man from Borneo," Frank Morgan wears a beard which extends almost to his waistline.

But the prize for disguise goes to the bushy-haired, bewhiskered and bespectacled actor I bumped into on the set of "New Wine." For one wild moment I thought he was Paul Muni. It turned out to be handsome young Alan Curtis, as Franz Schubert!

"Glory, I never saw such discontented birds! You give 'em a whole pan of feed and they still stand around complaining. Hey you over there, don't you know it's bad manners to chirp with your mouth full? . . . Who, you? Yes, you!"

"Ouch! Ha-alp! This one's a pecker. Biting the hand that feeds you, eh? . . . You know, I believe they've got chafes or something. Well, I bit a few people myself the time I was chafed. Where's that Johnson's Baby Powder?"

"Ah-h-h! What powder! . . . softer than my skin or your down! Chafes and prickles haven't a chance. No shoving now, you fellows . . . line forms on the right. All those who want a sprinkle of soft, velvety Johnson's say PEEP!"

"No wonder babies love Johnson's Baby Powder! Such soft, fine talc . . . and it costs so little to keep a baby happy with Johnson's!"

Use also Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby - Best for you"

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modess, etc.

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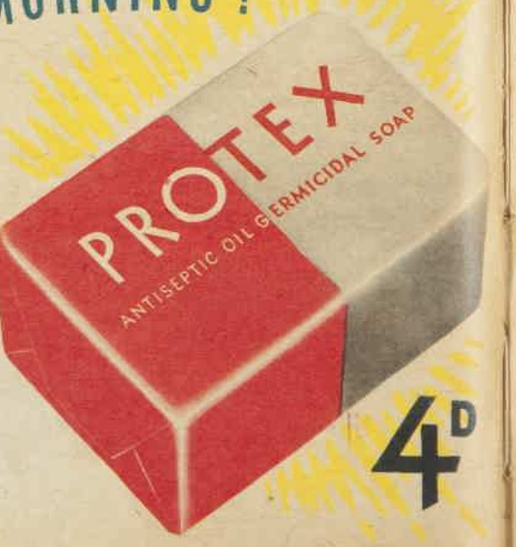
Listen in to "Ask the Army" every Monday night at 9.15 on Stations 2GB, 2KA, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2LM, 2WL, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 3TR, 3SR, 4BH, 4GR, 4RO, 4AY, 4PR, 6TZ, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, 7BU; at 8.45 on 5DN, 5RM. Include Protex in your comforts packages for the boys in the A.I.F.

LIKE THE FRAGRANCE OF THE BUSH ON A SPRING MORNING!

Better than all the perfumes of the world is the faint outdoor fragrance that Protex leaves on your skin. At the same time, you have the comforting security that Protex is completely non-irritant and leaves no trace of antiseptic odour. Protex contains an antiseptic MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THAN CARBOLIC.

DID YOU PROTEX YOURSELF THIS MORNING?



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FASHION PORTFOLIO

WOOLLEN HOUSECOATS . . . *bring new charm*

● Graceful new woollen housecoats, as comfy and snug as your oldest dressing-gowns, yet pretty enough to don when you invite friends for an informal evening at home. Bodices are trimly tailored and skirts are designed with a buoyant swing.

● Acid-green sheer wool printed with delicate white flowers is ideal for this slightly Victorian gown with its prim neckline, long, tight sleeves, and flowing skirt.

● A monk-like, hooded housecoat with long torso line and inset pockets. The demure lines are counteracted by the vital cherry-red velour cloth of which it is made.

● A glamor gown that serves the purpose of a charming dinner frock. Simply tailored of pastel-blue wool-de-chine, with cone-shaped pockets, revers, and belt a-glimmer with corn-flower-blue sequins.

● Youthful, full-skirted housecoat in vivid purple spotted with white, and introducing an effective front panel of twin spot in green. Nipped into the waist with a candy-pink girdle.

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WINTER TAILOREDS . . . .

● Very young suit of brown-and-white pinpoint check worsted with brief, fitted jacket and swing skirt. A white pique blouse and hat give that dewy-fresh look. (Right.)

● Lansdell and Wilson make a pleated skirt and saunter coat of heavy grey flecked tweed, and hectic grey, white, and black checked wool for the jacket. (Top right.)

● An unusual cape with waistcoat front done in cinnamon - brown wool cashmere and teamed with a matching pleated skirt and lime - yellow sheer wool blouse. (Bottom right.)

● The long torso line in black sheer wool with box-pleated skirt. Buttons and blouse are in primrose-yellow, and chrysanthemum toque in pale rusty-brown felt. (Below.)

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THE LEOPARD
shows its spots

. . . and highlights winter togs with new drama.

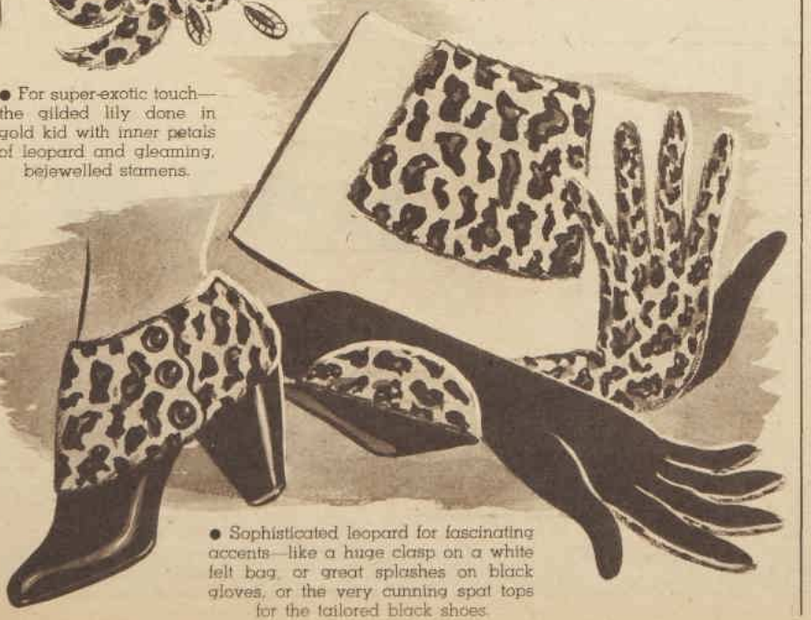
Sketched by PETROV

● A wicked little topper counteracted by a demure Victorian muff, and both done in leopard to wear with a plain wool frock.

● A casual frock of black wool jersey introduces a charmingly novel idea with cuffs, belt, and braces of leopard with diamente clips.

● Framing the face in flattery with a heart-shaped halo in black felt lined with leopard.

● For super-exotic touch—the gilded lily done in gold kid with inner petals of leopard and gleaming, bejewelled stamens.



● Sophisticated leopard for fascinating accents—like a huge clasp on a white felt bag, or great splashes on black gloves, or the very cunning spat tops for the tailored black shoes.

PETROV

HANG IT! NOW I'LL HAVE TO MISS LUNCHES TO BUY MORE STOCKINGS

LUX CUTS DOWN ON LADDERS

More often than not, it's perspiration acids left in stockings overnight that prepare the way for ladders. They weaken threads, destroy elasticity. A sudden strain — and pop — a ladder! Lux whisks away perspiration acids, restores elasticity — so threads stretch instead of snapping. You'll get weeks more wear if you Lux your stockings every bedtime!

I USE LUX FOR ALL MY FINE WASHING

DOES NOT CONTAIN SODA

A LEVER PRODUCT

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It's easy to have a modern home...

Be a 'DULUX' colour-artist!

Modernising your home is quite easy, really. Just take a look around now—room by room—and try to picture the difference COLOUR would make—"DULUX" COLOUR MAGIC! Start with the kitchen. How about that dresser? Is it dingy? Uninteresting? How would it look in "Dulux" Chinese Jade? Or Pale Cream with Pastel Green, perhaps? Now the table—is it just a dull old depressing table? "Dulux" will make it a cheerful "companion." You'll probably end by finishing EVERYTHING in the kitchen with "Dulux." Soon you'll find yourself an enthusiastic colour-artist, giving every room the gay, sparkling COLOUR which is all that is needed to make it "modern."

And remember—only "Dulux" can give you LOVELINESS THAT LASTS!

Don't forget—"Dulux" is better value because it's superior to any other finish and is chemically DIFFERENT. "Dulux" wears better—looks better—LASTS LONGER! It's easy to brush on, dries extra quickly, is simple to keep clean. Supplied in 54 delightful shades.

NOW, YOUR WALLS! "DULUX" SUPER-MATT, the superlative VELVET FINISH will give your walls a beautiful, satiny, long-lasting finish, easy to brush on and keep clean and attractive. In 22 modern shades.

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Please forward—Post Free—my Free Copies of the "Dulux" Folder and the Manual on its Application.

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OUR KNITTING DESIGN

NAVY SUIT . . . *with white blouse*

KNIT THIS suit for "best," for it's the smartest ever. Trim, tailored lines in the jacket and skirt are combined with youthful daintiness in the frilly blouse. Instructions for making the three garments are given on this page.

HERE is the ideal sort of knitted suit in which you can go to town and feel you are looking your very best. Although it has trim, tailored lines it is young and flattering.

Here are the knitting instructions.

Materials.—24 skeins 3-ply wool, 8 balls or skeins boucle (lapels take 1 ball and blouse 7 balls), one pair each Nos. 9, 10, and 11 needles, one No. 10 circular needle, one No. 0 crochet-hook (American), seventeen tiny pearl buttons for blouse, 1 yard muslin for padding lapels.

Size.—To fit 32-inch bust.

Tension.—9 stitches to 1 inch (ribbing and seed-stitch); 12 rows to 1 inch. 8 stitches to 1 inch, boucle; 12 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; dec., decrease; in., inches; s.c., single crochet; beg., beginning.

SKIRT

With 3-ply wool and circular needle cast on 420 sts. * k 97, p 2, k 4, p 2. Repeat from * 3 times more (4 gores).

Work even in this manner for 7in. Dec. 9 sts. in each k gore (384 sts.).

Work even for 5in., dec. 9 sts. in each k gore.

Work even for 5in., dec. 8 sts. in each k gore (316 sts.).

Work even for 4in., dec. 6 sts. in each k gore (292 sts., 36½in. at hip).

Work even for 2in., dec. 6 sts. in each k gore (268 sts.).

Work even for 2in., dec. 6 sts. in each k gore (244 sts.).

Work even for 1in., dec. 6 sts. in each k gore.

Change to k 1, p 1, and work in ribbing for ½in. Cast off. Entire length of skirt is 26½in. Work 1 row s.c. around bottom of skirt.

JACKET—BACK

With No. 10 needles and 3-ply wool, cast on 130 sts. Entire jacket is worked in ribbing of k 4, p 2. Work ½in. and dec. 1 st. each end of needle.

Continue to dec. 1 st. each end of needle every ½in. 9 times more (110 sts.) Then inc. 1 st. each end of needle every ½in. 6 times more.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows for armhole. Then cast off 3 sts., then dec. 1 st. each end of needle every other row 14 times (94 sts.). Work even until entire armhole measures 7½in. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows (30 sts.). Work even in seed-st. for 12 rows. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Cast on 78 sts. Work same as back, keeping the centre front even to underarm (14in.) Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge, then 4 sts. at same edge. Dec. 1 st. at same edge every other row 16 times (52 sts.). At the same time as underarm decs. are being made, shape lapel by increasing 1 st. at centre front edge every 5th row until armhole measures 7½in. Then cast off 8 sts. at beg. of each armhole row 4 times. Work 1in. even in seed-st.

1st Row: * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K and cast off loosely. Work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Cast on 102 sts. and work even in k 4, p 2 for 14in. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of needle every other row 17 times (54 sts.) Work even for 5½in. Cast off 16 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work even for 1½in. on remaining sts. Cast off. Work other sleeve in same way.

POCKETS

Entire pocket is worked in seed-st. Cast on 15 sts. Inc. 1 st. each end of needle every other row until there are 27 sts. on needle. Work even until entire pocket measures 4in. Cast off. Make 2 pockets.

BELT

Cast on 14 sts. Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 27in. Divide sts. in half for buttonhole. Work 7 sts. for 1in. Break wool and work other 7 sts. for 1in. Join and continue to work even for 1in. more. Cast off. Cover one mould for button on belt.

FACINGS

With boucle and No. 10 needles, cast on 38 sts. Work even in seed-st. for 1in. Inc. 1 st. every 5th row at one end of needle only until entire facing measures length necessary to turn back for lapel, about 8½in. Make 2 facings.

Sleeve Facing.—Cast on 12 sts. Work in seed-st. for 13in. Cast off. Make 2 sleeve facings.

TO MAKE UP

Sew sleeve, shoulder, and underarm seams tog. Using a piece of muslin for padding, cut the size of the lapel and tack down. Sew the facing over the padding so that the 3-ply wool of the suit does not show. Sew sleeve facing so that 7in. of the facing shows below sleeve. Sew pockets. Sew button on belt. Make beading for elastic on inside of skirt. *Draw through ½in. elastic and fasten.

BOUCLE BLOUSE—BACK

With No. 11 needles and boucle cast on 124 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 4. Work 1in. even. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row 4 times. Work 1in. even. Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 1in. 12 times. Work even until back measures 13in. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and then 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row 4 times. Work until armhole measures 7in. from cast-off at underarm, and cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

With No. 11 needles and boucle cast on 136 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 4. Work 1in. even. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row 4 times. Work even until front measures 5½in.

Divide sts. in half and, working on one half, cast on 8 sts. at centre edge. Inc. 1 st. at underarm side every 4th row 12 times. When front measures 13in. at underarm, cast off 8 sts., then on next 2 rows, beg. at same edge, cast off 2 sts.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row 8 times to complete armhole. When armhole measures 5½in. at centre edge, to shape neckline cast off 10 sts. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every centre edge row until 32 sts. remain. When armhole measures 7in., cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every row at shoulder edge. Pick up sts. from holder, and make other front to correspond.

SLEEVES

Cast on 80 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 4. Work 4 rows even. Inc. 1 st. at each end of needle every other row 6 times (92 sts.). Work even until sleeve measures 3in. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 7in. even. K 1. Work 3 sts. tog. across row, ending p 1. Next row, cast off, working 2 sts. tog.

CUFFS

Cast on 84 sts. Work in pattern st. Work 4 rows even. Inc. 1 st. at each end of needle every other row 4 times (92 sts.). When cuff measures 1½in., cast off.

COLLAR

Sew shoulder seams and pick up 90 sts. around neck. K 4, p 4, k 4, * p 3, k 4 *, repeat across row, ending with p 4, k 4. Work in ribbing for 4 rows. Inc. 1 st. in every other p rib. Work 4 rows and inc. 1 st. in the remaining p 3 ribs. Work until collar measures 1½in. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of every row until collar measures 2½in. Cast off remaining sts

CENTRE BANDING

Cast on 8 sts. Work even in garter-st. until strip is as long as centre opening of blouse.

RUFFLE FOR CUFFS

With No. 9 needles, cast on 136 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 5 rows. Cast off tightly. Make two pieces this size.

RUFFLE FOR CENTRE

With No. 9 needles, cast on 280 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 7 rows. Cast off tightly.

RUFFLE FOR COLLAR

With No. 9 needles, cast on 192 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 6 rows. Cast off tightly.

TO MAKE UP

Slip-st. seams tog. Sew ruffle on right side of blouse at centre front. Sew on collar and cuffs and sew ruffles on. Sew on centre banding between ruffle at front. Sew on press studs and buttons.

Elephants for luck

And luck on your side with Spectator Sportswear giving a lift — a touch of gaiety — to a busy life. Here are the ease, the frank spontaneity of a friendly hello. Here, too, the fine fabrics, the talented styling and deft use of clever detail you love, but always at such reasonable prices!

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AND ISN'T **RINSO** WONDERFUL FOR WASHING COLOURS, SILKS AND WOOLLIES?

I ALWAYS USE **RINSO** FOR WASHING-UP TOO SO I'M GLAD OF THE NEW GIANT ECONOMY PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT

Terry came back but — Romance stayed away.. *until*

MARY! I'VE HEARD TERRY'S BACK IN TOWN. I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE PHONE TO RING.

ARE YOU SURE HE WILL RING JOAN?

MARY'S A CAT! I HAPPEN TO KNOW SHE'S GOING OUT WITH TERRY TO-MORROW NIGHT.

BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR FORGETTING JOAN? WHY DOESN'T SHE USE LIFEBUOY.

THINKS "B.O."

GOODBYE TO "B.O."

THANK GOODNESS FOR LIFEBUOY.

NEXT DAY

HULLO TERRY!

YOU'RE LOOKING WELL JOAN. ER... COMING MY WAY?

LATER

PERHAPS YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BROKEN THAT OTHER DATE YOU HAD TERRY.

IT WASN'T IMPORTANT JOAN. I'D SOONER BE WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY ELSE-NOW!

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Lifebuoy's lather is bracing, refreshing, mild. But most important of all Lifebuoy alone contains the famous health ingredient which neutralises the very cause of "B.O." That's why it's the one and only soap for the fastidious woman. And you get a big tablet for your money.

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F1189.—Dainty pyjamas with jacket featuring bloused fullness from the yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3212.—Glamorous day frock with effective side drapery. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3⅛yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3254.—Simple yet superbly flattering style for matrons. 38 to 42 bust. Requires: 2⅞yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3214.—Youthful style, with double-breasted bodice and pouch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2¾yds., 54ins. wide, and ⅝yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3229.—Charming dressmaker suit with slender jacket and pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2⅞yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3200.—Attractive striped skirt and jacket with a contrasting box coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2⅛yds. of striped, 1⅝yds. of plain, and 1⅛yds. of black, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Special Concession Pattern

CLEVER new styles for young things. Sizes, 8 to 14 years.
No. 1. Requires 1¾yds. for blouse 1¼yds. for jerkin, and 1⅝yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide.
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STATE ..... SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 19/4/'41

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Cheery apple design for . . .
LUNCHEON SET

● Bring a vivacious charm to your luncheon table with this charming set with its cheery apples traced ready to embroider on a ground of sheer linen.

START making this luncheon set right now. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department with apple design traced on the best-quality sheer linen in the popular shades of white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, and green.

We would suggest for the working that the apple be worked in rich red, the core in black, and the small lines coming from same in green. The leaves would also be in green, the outside edge in the same shade as the linen used, and the inner line would be most effective in black.

The entire set is worked in simple buttonhole - stitch other than for the inner line and the small lines coming from the core of the apple, which are done in satin-stitch.

We are able to supply cottons to tone with the sets for the price of 2½d. a skein.

In sheer linen: Nine (9) piece set consisting of one centre mat size 17in. x 17in., four place mats size 11in. x 11in., and four cup mats size 5in. x 5in. Price is 6/9, plus 3d. postage.

Individually: Centre 2/6, place mats 1/-, small mats 6d.

Serviettes are priced at 1/- each, size 11in. x 11in. (additional to set).

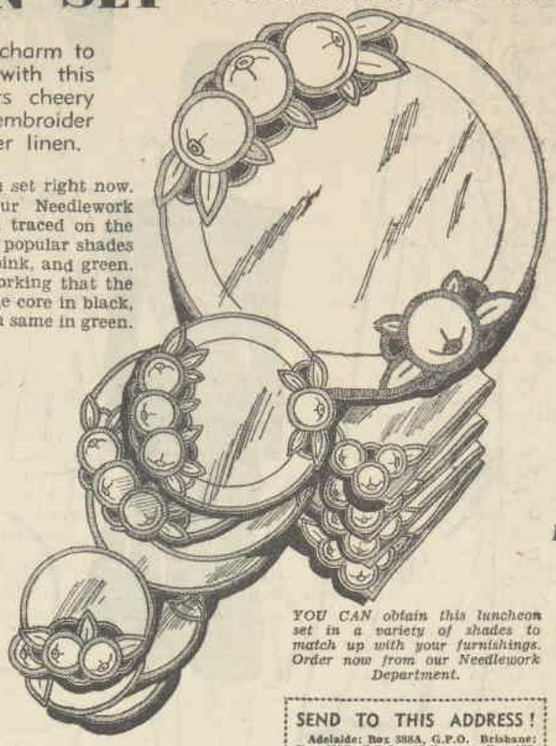
In organdie: Shades of white, green, yellow, and blue. Complete set (same pieces and sizes), 5/9, plus 3d. postage.

Individually: Centre 2/3, place mats 9d., small mats 4d. Serviettes 1/- each extra.

In sheer linen: Thirteen (13) piece set consisting of centre mat (1), place mats (6), and small mats (6). Serviettes are extra on this price. Price 8/3, plus 3d. postage.

In organdie: Thirteen pieces consisting of same pieces. Price 7/3, plus 3d. postage.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



YOU CAN obtain this luncheon set in a variety of shades to match up with your furnishings. Order now from our Needlework Department.

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NO MORE SMUDGES of powder and rouge to spoil your dark frocks. This pretty and easy-to-make organdie cape protects them very efficiently.

Inspired in Hollywood
MAKE-UP CAPE

A DAINTY little gift to make for your friends, and it is so useful and attractive you're sure to want one for yourself.

This little cape will protect your frocks when using cosmetics. It may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced with dainty floral motifs and ready to embroider. It is traced on the best-quality organdie in dainty pastel shades of white, green, yellow, and blue. The edge of the neckline and the outer edge or hem of the cape are spoke-stitched all ready for crochet. Price of same is 2/9, plus 2d. postage.

Cottons to match for working may be obtained for price of 2½d. a skein.

Haven't you been told about these 6 advantages of TAMPAX?

T Tampax is the MODERN sanitary protection — worn INTERNALLY.
A A DOCTOR invented it—doctors support it.
M Quickly, daintily inserted and removed — instantly disposable.
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A Nothing to show. No belts—no pins—no pads. And no odour.
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HANDY-SIZE PACKET of 3, only 11d.; Packet of 4, 1/9; large economical-size packet of 10, 2/5. Easy instructions enclosed. Available from chemists, beauty salons and stores everywhere —or use coupon.

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SEND 11D in stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax in plain wrapper (or illustrated folder and "Figure Beauty and Hygiene" booklet, posted free on request) to NURSE SIMPSON, Box 980 CC, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 972, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 1053N, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 750F, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box C497, G.P.O., Perth. Box 13, P.O., Hobart.

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For lovely hair. FREE OFFER 3d. packet of famous Camilatone Tonrinx sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

For baby . . .
TWO FETCHING BIBS

TWO CHARMING BIBS that combine utility and charm, and baby will love the gay bird motifs which are traced ready to embroider on a ground of linora.

THESE two very sweet little bibs are available in the best-quality linora in shades of cream, green, blue, pink, and yellow. They measure 9in. x 11in., and the edge is completed with spoke-stitching ready for crochet.

Number 1 has a delightful "Robin Red Breast" motif, and this may be worked in attractive shades to tone with the shade chosen. Number 2 features the "Crane" design, which again lends opportunity for varied shades in working.

Price for one (1) bib is 9d., or the two (2) may be obtained for the price of 1/3.

Cottons for working in suitable shades to tone are priced at 2½d. a skein.

These Are HIS Favorite Recordings Are They YOURS?

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SUNDAYS, 6.45 p.m.

● Songs for your delight . . .

DONALD NOVIS *in* "The Romance of Music"

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

• ICE-CREAMS for Sue Lowther, of Singleton (left), and Irene Bettington, of Merriwa, at the Show while watching ring events from Members' Stand.

• REFRESHMENT, too, for Mrs. C. V. Cobcroft when she leaves Cattle Pavilion. Photographer finds her at milk bar.

• PRETTY DEBUTANTES Tika MacMaster (left) and Rossie Chandler, of Southport, at Minerva Theatre during Ballet Festival interval.

• COUNCIL - STAND view of Grand Parade for Mrs. Harry Meeks and her small daughter Viola.

Poor tired feet . . .

STAMINA of these country visitors simply staggers me. Hear nothing but how tired city pavements make their feet . . . but seems to me they now keep going twenty-four hours a day . . .

As for my poor feet which have worn a track from stables to mounting yard, to Coronation Stand, to Prince's, to Romano's . . . they'll have to be taken to country to hibernate.

And if there is one country person who doesn't get up at same time as the sheep and cows and immediately turn on radio for early news, and ring telephones, I'd like to meet him, or her.

Me, I'm glad the Show is only once a year . . . but I wouldn't miss it for anything.

Grand Parade is usual thrilling sight. Riders I pick out are the Holloway sisters, Pam Nivison, Phyl Chenhall, Jill Robinson, Jill McDonald, Phyl Mackay, Jane Mills.

Honor Bowman I spy with camera taking general view of ring . . . then shots of Mrs. Mal Arnott and Ned Ridley. Say hello, also, to most of the Playfairs, Horderns, Munros.

Old friends . . .

"ARE you surprised?" Sylvia Keighley and tennis star Adrian Quist ask when they tell me they're engaged. Must admit I am, although I've seen them about together quite a bit lately. They have known each other for three years . . . Sylvia used to go to his Davis Cup matches in America.

Day they announce engagement Adrian has to leave for Orange to play in week-end patriotic tournament and Sylvia goes to her Bowral home. After Easter Adrian joins them at Bowral, and then to Melbourne, where Sylvia will go soon with parents, the A. W. Keighleys.

Her ring is small diamond with sapphire shoulders. No wedding date yet—but Adrian says it won't be long.

Ends as reception . . .

MARGARET DOYLE'S wedding to grazier George Henderson, of Bourke, is surprise to friends . . . and also explains why her voice is no longer heard announcing A.B.C. news.

Party arranged by Mrs. Geoffrey Killen (Margaret's cousin) at the Australia to celebrate engagement ended as pre-wedding reception when secret is discovered that guests of honor are to be married in an hour or so.

Incidentally . . . unlike the George and Margaret of the popular play and film . . . George and Margaret DO make an appearance at party.

The Geoff Killens are among those who go on to wedding ceremony . . . bridegroom was best man at their wedding.

Five of groom's sisters present . . . Mrs. Vernon Treatt (wife of Minister of Justice), Mrs. Eric Killen, of Pine Park, Mrs. Sam Patterson, Mrs. Geoff Eager, and Mrs. Jack Maddox.

Just quietly . . .

SPEAKING of quiet weddings . . . attractive Joan Galbraith and Keith Martin dash off, accompanied only by two witnesses—Jimmy and Pat Bancks. On wedding eve I meet bridegroom celebrating, quietly again, by dining at Romano's with Jimmy Bancks and Tom Murray.

They catch the eye . . .

AT Randwick . . . Mrs. Gordon McKay, of Delegate, in super nut-brown suit trimmed with brown lamb; brown felt hat with green plush crown. And Shirley Poynter's red velvet toque with long black mesh veil bordered in red.

High, wide, and handsome berets worn by Mrs. Horton Browne and Isabel Fraser when lunching at Usher's.

Bettina Macphillamy . . . very sporting in Show ring and very glamorous at night in hyacinth-mauve dinner frock, sequin trimmed.

Marjorie Holloway's scarf printed with hunters and the fox they hunt.

Country surprise . . .

SURPRISE of the week . . . engagement of very charming country girl Ned Capp and Murray Robertson, both of Spring Ridge. Murray comes to town to get lovely emerald and diamond ring Ned wears at celebration cocktail party at Quirindi Commercial Hotel, Saturday.

Party is one of brightest in Quirindi's history . . . and that's saying something. Ned is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Capp, of Goran Lake, and Murray is son of Mrs. Ida Robertson, of Yoorooga.

Easter locations . . .

INVERELL visitors, the Vere Wiltshires, are occupying son David's Ocean Avenue flat . . . Mrs. David is staying with her parents, the Nigel Barkers, while her husband is in camp.

Queen's Club is Mrs. Bruce Minter's address. Mrs. Hugh Munro is at the Australia. Mrs. Poss Latham is at the Macquarie.

A pretty bride . . .

VOLUMINOUS is the only word I can think of to describe filmy masses of white Chantilly lace and tulle in which Bunty Scott Fell looks so lovely when she weds Owen Platt Hepworth at St. Mark's. So voluminous, in fact, that her shoe is firmly caught in train stepping from car, and groom's brother Ian dashes to rescue.

Crowds of spectators line church pathway . . . Rosalind Dangar, Joan Roberts, Joan Peacock, Barbara Lotherington, Mrs. Charles Ryerson among them. Parade of lovely frocks worn by guests certainly worth watching.

Mrs. Ian Hepworth adds Arctic fox to silver brocade wedding gown. Mrs. Dick Willis and Mrs. Mack Brown both in black and pink floral top-knots. Red and white spots for Diana Minter.

Seen around town . . .

PETER WILSON, tall airman son of Queensland's Governor, on leave from adjutant duties at Camden . . . renewing acquaintance with Mr. Roy Munro, on whose station he was jackeroo . . . the Colin Chisholms lunching at Prince's . . . Colin in uniform, Mrs. Chisholm smart and hatless in pink-and-wine tweeds . . . Mrs. Gordon Triggs with Air Force wings decorating brown beret . . . Mrs. Charlie Hitchcock and Mrs. Ken Livingston in well-tailored tweeds . . . Pretty Helen Baldock dancing in pale blue . . .

• A STRAIGHT TIP for next race at Randwick is given country visitor Mrs. Graeme Austin by airman Monte Fowler.

• ALL SMILES . . . Walter Forsyth and his bride, formerly Betty Wiesener, at Redleaf reception following wedding at Strathfield Congregational Church.

• HERE'S TO EASTER . . . Mrs. Jim Gowing and her sister Pat (Mrs. Jim Fagan, of Cowra), who wears lovely gold kid jacket, at Redleaf party.

• COCKTAIL HOUR. Acting Prime Minister Fadden and Mrs. Fadden at reception given by Consul-General for Japan in honor of new Minister Kawai.

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ADVERTISEMENT

Over the garden fence

Edited by Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY . . .
(the famous English washing authority)
and a staff of experts.

MRS. HOLIDAY'S
FREE SERVICE

As part of a policy of service to their many friends the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment. They also cordially invite you to write to the editress, (Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne), if you have any problem connected with washing. She will reply personally by mail or through this page.

Here's how to make things last
WHEN THEY'RE NOT REAL SILK

CYRIL SILKWORM JOINS UP!

Most of the world's silkworms are now "engaged in war-work," which means we'll be wearing more and more artificial silk — or to give it its proper name—RAYON.

I MUST SAY I always think it a pity that anything so lovely as rayon should have to carry the dubious name of "*artificial* silk."

Of course there's nothing artificial about it. Silk, as you know, is made by the silkworm. After making its meal of mulberry leaves, it weaves a cocoon out of this fine, lustrous thread. But rayon is a *cellulose* material—first cousin to your old friend Cellophane!

It can be woven to look like silk or wool, but if you want your rayon to last, it needs laundering with even greater care than either of these materials.

How Rayon is Different

You'll notice that rayon does not become ingrained with dirt as other materials do; the soiling just stays on the surface. "That should make washing easy," you'll say. So it does —but one word of warning.

When you put a rayon garment in water, at once the threads lose some of their strength and so need very special washing care. But Persil will treat those dainty rayons with the fairy-like gentleness they need. It's so thorough that your garments are in and out of the water in the shortest possible time. And, of course, you won't need to rub when you wash with Persil.

By the way, use luke-warm water only. *Never boil a rayon garment unless you know it is a special "boilable" type.*

Even the most careful treatment in the wash will be of no avail if you twist or wring your rayon, as the fibres are easily damaged. So squeeze gently or roll in a towel (this applies especially to satin rayon because little wrinkles form—and even ironing won't take them out entirely).

The "do's" and "don'ts" of ironing

Always iron rayon on the wrong side (satin rayon is the one exception). And don't have too hot an iron or the fabric will become glazed and when that happens you can't do anything about it!

Never sprinkle rayon with water or the spots will show. Most rayons should be ironed while only slightly damp. (Crepes are the exception here—they should be practically dry, otherwise they may get an oily, patchy look.)

One last tip. When ironing sheers (that is, rayon georgettes) be sure they don't get too dry as this material needs to be gently stretched while you're ironing. And you can't do that if the fabric is bone dry.

1. What colour is turquoise?
2. Where did the dirndl get its name?
3. The average amount of water a woman puts into her copper is: *2 gallons; 15 gallons; 10 gallons.* Which is right?
4. What is the correct quantity of Persil to use per gallon?
5. How many articles are there in one gross?
6. What did the mouse do after the clock struck one?

Answers

1. Bluey-green.
2. From the Austrian Tyrol where it is part of the national dress.
3. 10 gallons—but it's definitely worth while measuring yours just once to see if it's average.
4. 1 heaped tablespoonful to get *real* Persil results.
5. 144.
6. Ran down again.

More readers win 5/-

Have a go at winning 5/- for a washday tip! Don't forget you can send as many as you like. Address them to Mrs. Holiday. Here are this week's prize-winners.

Mrs. Hayes, 220 Coventry St., S. Melbourne, Vic. Never peg woven silk garments to the line. Dry them on a clothes horse, or if they have straps hang the straps over the pegs. Underwear will last three times as long this way, as the first holes so often appear where the pegs have been placed.

Mrs. E. Reade, 43 Hampstead Rd. Highgate Hill, Brisbane, Q'ld. To make your undies last longer and become quite pretty, when mending them, work a little flower over the mend or patch: the more mending, the more flowers, and it looks so nice under a light frock.

Mrs. F. Francis, 55 Station Rd., East Fremantle, W. Australia When hanging your washing out to dry, hang the clothes that are thickest farthest from the wash-house.

Reason: As these articles take the longest time to dry you are able to use the line nearest the wash-house for the quick drying articles, and you can use the same space quite often, also saving many tiring steps.

Instead of throwing aside your worn-out linen, clothes or furnishings, see if you can't turn them into something else! Here are a few suggestions to start you off . . .

Towels: When your large bath towels are showing signs of wear, cut them down to make useful hand towels or face cloths. Or sew two towels together to make a soft springy bathroom mat.

Evening Frocks: Don't discard evening frocks because they're dated. The pastel shades make lovely undies. Satins can sometimes be cut into blouses. Velvets are excellent for covering cushions.

Tablecloths: If a tablecloth begins to look worn, cut it down to make serviettes. Strips torn off the edges make strong, soft bandages.

Sheets: Old linen sheets can be cut down into glass-cloths. They dry up beautifully as they are not usually fluffy. Smaller squares make serviceable hankies for people with colds.

Blankets: If you have a blanket that is not quite wide enough for the bed, it is a good idea to sew a wide border of linen or floral dimity on to the sides. This gives a good "tuck in" and the warmth of the blanket will be where it is most needed.

Woollens: Don't throw away outat - the - elbow jumpers and cardigans. Take the sleeves out altogether and knit new ones in a contrasting colour wool. You may like to knit a new basque in the same colour, too. So draw a thread (by picking the first and last stitches of the row above the old basque and pulling the yarn). The old basque will drop off completely, leaving a row of stitch loops to pick up for knitting the new basque. A new collar knitted in the same colour will add a final touch of smartness.

Mrs. Holliday asked Percy to illustrate "Giving dainty things a gentle squeeze." This is what he did.

So you're shutting up house...

You'll find it makes a world of difference when you come back, if you put your house in order before you go. . . .

KITCHEN: You don't want the Mouse family (or the Ants, either) to set up house in your pantry, so wash down all shelves so there won't be a crumb to encourage them.

If you're going for some time, watch your grocery order the last week and use up all foodstuffs that won't keep.

BEWARE MOTHS! As you know, Mrs. Moth loves dark quiet places—and an empty house suits her down to the ground. So sprinkle moth preventative on carpets and upholstered furniture, in drawers and wardrobes. **Mrs. Moth is uncannily fond of grease spots, perspiration marks in clothes—so such things as woollies should be washed in Persil if you're leaving them behind, to remove every trace of ingrained dirt.**

LAUNDRY: Don't ever leave linen (not even last-minute sheets and towels) in the clothes basket or you'll be inviting mildew. Throw them over a line strung across the laundry. Take time to rinse out the last tea towel—even if only in cold water.

THE LAST TEN MINUTES: Don't worry if father IS honking the car horn, go round and draw all the blinds. Direct sun ruins curtains and carpets. Turn off the gas and electric light at the meter. Turn off the water, too. **And when locking up, leave all inside doors open so the air from the ventilators will circulate through the house.**

Exclusive Mary Holiday Pattern Service

2/6 pattern for 6d.

Pattern "B" in bust sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 (with long sleeves) takes 4¾ yards of 36 inch mat. or 3¼ yards of 54 inch mat.

New Autumn Frock

Even a beginner can follow this easy-to-make Mary Holiday pattern, which includes an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting-out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain this beautiful overseas pattern, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.). No other pattern at this price offers you so much. Fill in the coupon below.

MARY HOLIDAY PATTERN "B"
SIDE-BUTTONING FROCK

To "Patterns," P.O. Box 495 H, MELBOURNE. Enclosed find 8d. in stamps. Please send Pattern "B". (Pattern can only be obtained by post and from the above address.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

SIZE (32, 34, 36 and 38 inch Bust) _____

She thought her washing was white

. . . till she saw her sister's PERSIL-WASHED APRON

When you see ordinary whiteness against true Persil whiteness—the difference stands out by a mile! You see, Persil's suds are oxygen-charged. . . . And that means they get out *every trace* of grime and grease. So of course your things are whiter because they're so much cleaner!

And Persil gives the same grand results with woollies, coloureds, silks and rayons, too. Use Persil—to-day and always—for everything you wash!

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. P.72.40

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So They Say

Congratulations to well-dressed women

WOMEN who receive nearly the same wage as men (E. V. Crossman, 29/3/'41) work hard and deserve to get it.

If these girls prefer to marry and give up their jobs they must live on their husbands' wages and be satisfied.

Some girls can be expensively dressed and save as well as live moderately.

All I can say to them is "Congratulations."

Bonnie Williams, Col-Je-Bon, Snug, Tas.

Training blamed

THE average girl just buys what she wants and never thinks of a rainy day, but why?

From early infancy these days children scorn the copper given for sweets, and want silver—bad training by parents to allow this. Result: the desire for money grows and is instilled in them so that when they have the handling of cash they

Spends all her money on clothes.

spend it as they please and live only for to-day.

Mrs. M. Henderson, 27 Minna St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Well dressed

EVERY girl has a right to spend the money she earns on good frocks.

If later she marries a man on a small wage, then is the time to cut down expenses and live moderately, so why deny herself pretty things when she is able to buy them for herself?

I am sure if we all began wearing drab and cheap frocks into town the men themselves would be the first to complain of our appearance.

You will find that this "extravagant frocking" really teaches a girl to appraise good materials which wear so much longer than cheaper ones, and she will become a good budget-keeper on a husband's lower wage.

Miss P. Davis, King's Park Rd., Perth.

CHOICE OF PROFESSION

HOW many children have an actual say in the choice of trade or profession at which they will earn their livelihood?

Very often we hear parents who own a business that has been in the family for generations say that their sons must enter it and fit themselves to manage it so as to hand it to their sons in turn.

One cannot help admiring this spirit, but nature often equips a son to fill quite a different niche in life from that of his father.

It is surely best that he be given a voice in his own future.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angas St., Adelaide.

WELCOME SET-BACKS

WHEN faced with adversity, how many of our friends sympathise with us over our run of bad luck? Isn't bad luck a somewhat negative term and inclined to show a stunted outlook?

Adversity so often proves a kind friend, for it is through life's setbacks we come to realise what a kind world we live in, discovering the really worth-while humans who are ever ready to offer us a helping hand and prove sincere friends.

Moreover, during this adverse period we acquire more courage, gain more confidence through the necessary force of added effort, and so develop a strength of character and breadth of vision which the smooth and easy course would never achieve.

Miss Olive Ramsay, 132 Powlett St., E. Melbourne.

PLANS KEPT SECRET

NOWADAYS young people seldom tell their parents where they are going when they leave for an outing.

Parents to-day do not interfere with their children's plans. On the contrary, they are sympathetic and understanding to the younger generation, and like the young people to enjoy themselves.

Then why do sons and daughters create all this mystery about their movements, especially when they are doing nothing of which they need be ashamed? Their attitude is both unnecessary and unkind.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Queen St., Brisbane.

Keep Savings Certificates for "duration"

TO-DAY we are engaged on a crusade for humanity and democracy, and sincere Australian citizens are helping their country by purchasing War Savings Certificates — and holding on to them.

But how many supposedly good citizens, on receipt of their certificates, take them to the bank and cash them, merely to satisfy some extravagant whim?

These people are not helping their country!

They are just lending money and retracting it before it can be put to national benefit. Yet they pride themselves that they are helping their country's war effort!!!

Let us decide that if we can afford to buy Certificates we can afford to keep them till the Allies gain their inevitable victory.

£1 to Miss M. Daly, 32 Tolmie St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Should we leave people their illusions?

LIKE L. W. Andersen (29/3/'41), I feel that the quality of sincerity is sometimes overrated, and that it is more unkind to strip people of any illusions they may have about their clothes than to be evasive and perhaps not quite honest when asked for an opinion.

The over-sensitive person would take an immediate dislike to the article, and, as in the case of clothing, would never feel the same in it.

As Christopher Morley makes his heroine Kitty Foyle say: "Nobody in her senses offers too much advice about a woman's dress after she's picked it out."

Miss Muriel Meller, 8 Reid St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

SOUVENIRING CONDEMNED

SOUVENIRING is one of the pettiest forms of theft at any time, but I think it is particularly contemptible when young service men are the victims.

Do these girls and women who exultantly snatch caps and buttons as "souvenirs" realise that it is not only quite an expense to the boys, replacing these articles on their small pay, but also a serious offence to be found minus even one button?

Is a cap or a button worth the contempt the average young man feels for anyone guilty of this vicious habit?

Mrs. H. E. Fox, Bourke St., Melbourne.

TALK SENSIBLY

THE girl or woman who can talk quite ordinarily and sensibly on everyday subjects is much more certain of being a success in life than the one whose conversation is a series of wisecracks.

You often hear women say, "I can never think of anything to say."

They want to use their eyes, read the newspapers properly, read more books, and try to take an interest in world affairs. Then they would never be at a loss for words.

Mrs. D. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

FREEDOM, NOT EQUALITY

IN centuries past St. George went out and slew his dragon, while Mrs. St. George baked her griddle-cakes.

Nowadays, Mrs. St. George wants to be the dragon-slayer.

Throughout the modern world, women's cry is "Let us have equality."

Should we have equality? I do not think so. To have equality of sexes would be to rob man of his birthright, the right to protect his womenfolk, a right he has had since time immemorial. Man has been trained to protect.

Women have encroached on so many of man's fields.

Why not let him retain one of his few remaining privileges!

Let us have freedom—yes—but equality—no!

Mrs. P. Doyle, 15 Hewlett St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Lattice gate prevents baby straying

I AM certain (Mrs. Standing, 29/3/'41) that if you latticed the front of your home from the back and trained a pretty creeper to grow over it you would not only add to your peace of mind but greatly enhance the beauty of your home.

In any case, I am sure you much prefer your modern villa to the dingy tenements of yesteryear.

I live in the upstairs portion of a modern duplex and our eighteen-months-old boy gives us the minimum of worry because of the gates we have affixed to the top and bottom of the stairs.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, 81 Glebe St., Glebe, N.S.W.

Child's playground

A GOOD idea to stop baby wandering is to buy a child's wooden playground (or your husband could easily make one at a reasonable cost) and put it in the middle of the back yard.

Put all his toys in the playground, and train the child as soon as he

Toys will attract child.

is old enough to take notice that the only place he can play with his toys is inside the playground.

Try it and you will find children never want to roam into the street.

Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Foresight needed

IF people used more foresight when choosing their homes the question of not having enough space for baby to play in would never arise.

The majority of cottages these days have enough verandah space or lawn (even of "pocket handkerchief" size) suitable for playgrounds where a child would be quite safe from harm and under mother's eye if she is the anxious type.

Such a lot of trouble and "nerves" would be saved if all this were considered before buying or moving into a new home.

Mrs. J. Cook, Patrick St., Hobart.

Embarrassing

IT is both foolish and cruel to be too "sincere" in giving an opinion.

Ordinary etiquette demands that one should not embarrass a fellow-being in the presence of others, and what is more embarrassing than to get a too candid answer to a request for an opinion?

Such an answer would imply envy on the other's part or possibly just plain nastiness.

Mrs. P. Mortimore, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Prefer truth

WHY ask a friend for an opinion if you wish her to flatter you and not tell the truth?

I would value another's opinion far more if her remarks on my appearance and clothing were candid and sincere than if I had reason to believe that she was trying to "save my feelings" by being evasive.

Daphne Harris, Gilbert St., Adelaide.

Too frank

SINCERITY is a virtue well worth having, but it does not necessarily imply frankness. Some people's frankness amounts to rudeness, and they give themselves a pat on the back for their straightforwardness.

But heaven preserve us from the flatterers. To my mind they are the essence of insincerity.

Mrs. L. Grace, 216 Burwood Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 3/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

CHAMPION'S
Pure Malt
VINEGAR

SKIN SPECIALIST SAYS

..HEALTHY SKINS HAVE AN ATTRACTIVE NATURAL BEAUTY...THAT'S WHY I SUGGEST THE USE OF REXONA SOAP.. THE COMMONSENSE WAY OF MAINTAINING SKIN HEALTH

REXONA SOAP alone contains Cadyl—a special compound of medications which ensures natural loveliness by safeguarding the health of the skin. These health-giving medications are carried deep into the pores, gently clearing away the dust and impurities that cause most skin faults. Bring beauty to *your* skin—with Rexona!

Obstinate, deep-seated skin troubles need the complete Rexona treatment—Rexona Soap and Ointment, used together. Even persistent blemishes are eradicated this way, leaving the skin clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA
is more than a beauty soap, it's a Complete Skin Treatment

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

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Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 3

As if he'd said good-bye, the dog turns back, but I always get a last look from his yellow eyes, it says quite seriously, my responsibility is over; now watch out for yourself. Without it getting into words I hope everything will have been all right for both when I see him again.

Aunt Hattie doesn't know it, but sometimes on the pretext of looking up something in our books we loiter on the Scharfs' porch, behind the creepers, until we see Trudy picked up by her pal, Ida Meagher; then we feel safe, and take the back way down Harvest Street, which runs parallel. The parental determination that Molly and I should include Trudy Weissenkorn in all our doings was very trying. Mrs. Weissenkorn was painfully ambitious for her unfortunate shrimp, and had an idea that because I came from Philadelphia I would be a good influence for Trudy.

I used to be invited to Weissenkorns' for supper and put through a catechism on Philadelphia, about which I knew nothing. Then I got desperate and in reply to questions about my "family" I finally blurted out that my old man was a night-watchman, which caused woe when it got back to Aunt Hattie. I think Aunt Hattie had spread a little innocent hooey about her Philadelphia relatives.

As a matter of fact I don't think the Weissenkorns were any less kind even after they learned that I wasn't one of the elite. Maybe they were secretly relieved; I know Mrs. Weissenkorn was a bit in awe of Aunt Hattie the way large stout women often are of little skinny ones. Molly and I used to be invited to go with the Weissenkorns out to their farm near Plautus, which is a suburb of Manitou about ten miles away. A barbecue out there was one of my earliest adventures, in the long hot spell my first autumn.

The Weissenkorns thought it was high time for Trudy to learn to swim, and they were pleased when they discovered I didn't know how to swim either. The only bathing I'd ever had was down at the Jersey shore, and you don't learn much about swimming in the surf. At the farm there was a pond, a muddy sort of hole with willows and cottonwood trees and a leaky home-made boat put together by the Debaugh boys, the sons of Mrs. Weissenkorn's farmer. The real bathing spot for Manitou was Clubfoot Lake, rather pretty with picnic groves and canoes and a diving float and a Log Cabin Tavern that sold bootleg corn whisky and had a dance floor and a nickelodeon piano. But we were not allowed to go there until we learned to swim, and this muddy cowpond back at Debaugh Farm was where we had to learn.

Trudy didn't have much gumption, she made a terrible fuss; she complained that the Debaugh boys were pinching her when they were supposed to be teaching her the strokes. Very likely they were; they were pinching me, too, but I realised that the less yammering I did the quicker I'd learn.

I set my teeth, mostly on mouthfuls of mud, but at least once on the Debaughs, and got the idea fairly soon. Then I could swim out to the middle of the pond where Molly was laughing at us and paddling on an old floating log. Poor Trudy was sloshing around with those freckled, gap-toothed Debaugh yokels for many a visit. Molly and I got even with them by calling them Gurth and Wamba, the swineherds, as we had been reading "Ivanhoe." This made them sore.

Then we all went up to the pasture, where they were roasting a pig in a trench. It looked pretty primitive to me, but I'll admit it was slick eating. Uncle Elmer and Mr. Weissenkorn and Mr. Debaugh would have a grand time checking over the farm machinery, and the rest of us would play I-spy round the barn. Molly and I pretended this was all rather vulgar, because we were in the "Lady of the Lake" stage and anyone less attractive than Roderick Dhu was beneath our level. As a matter of fact it was good fun.

There were plenty of times when Molly and I were on the mischief end of a practical joke. Snooping around in the back of her father's magazine and novelty store Molly came on a lot of trick goods, things like sneeze powders and stink bombs and lapel-gadgets that squirt water in your eye, imitation ink stains to lay on the parlor rug, April Fool chewing gum with red pepper in it, all that sort of roughneck comedy props. It so happened the Scharfs lived in one side of a two-family house. Molly's room was up on the third floor, and behind it was a crowded storeroom where all the miscellaneous junk of the Scharf household accumulated, old trunks, and a baby carriage full of Christmas tree ornaments, piles of old magazines, and even a broken skeleton hanging on a stand which someone in the family had used for studying medicine.

The important thing was that a kind of air-shaft ran up to the roof between this room and the other side of the house, for ventilation in summer, and there was a little window onto this shaft on each side. It didn't take us long to discover that the similar inside room in the adjoining house was used by the colored girl who worked for the Nordstroms next door.

We had been amused by her for a long time on account of her habit of talking to herself. We spied on her quite a lot, and found that at a certain angle we could see across the shaft into her room. She used to come upstairs to change her clothes before she served supper. That was our chance with the sneeze powder. My contribution to the stunt was a hollow curtain rod I brought from Auntie's concealed inside my dress and running down my stocking. We balanced the rod carefully, loaded with a big dose of powder, and when Tillie came near the little window we let her have it.

The effects were wonderful. You could hear her sneezing and coughing all down the block, Mr. and Mrs. Nordstrom came running upstairs, and the Nordstrom baby woke and started to scream. Tillie made so much noise that Molly and I could laugh at our ease, but in laughing Molly got a backdraft of the powder and she also sneezed and strangled just as hard as the maid. In the excitement I dropped the box of powder down the shaft and it gradually spread into the dining-rooms of both houses.

We managed to get out the back way before the cause of the uproar was located. I took Molly up to Auntie's, where we explained her condition as a bad attack of hay fever.

But it wasn't long before a telephone call put the fat in the fire. I had to go down to Mrs. Scharf's to apologise. They were having their supper on the porch, because the inside of the house was still too full of sneeze. Tillie didn't bear malice; in fact she was rather proud of having been kidded by white folks. She had a roller-towel round her neck to wipe her flat nose, and kept saying, "De inside of my nozzles is burned to cinder."

Downtown, near the high school, was the big Square, with fine elm trees and still some of the old iron horsehead hitching-posts. One side of the Square, I soon learned, was definitely good and the other was wicked. The east side was set up for religion, education, and culture. There were two big churches on that side, and the high school, the college and the Public Library were all in that direction. But on the west we got a feeling of devilishness. The town's old-time hotel, the Manitou House, pretty well run down, was said to do speakeasy business somewhere at the back.

I guess that accounted for the loud laughter we heard from the travelling men in rocking chairs along the verandah. Across from it was the Opera House, and then a whole string of closed saloons. Behind these the street sloped down towards the mule market and the Santa Fe tracks; there was always a sort of glamor and wickedness about the Santa Fe. It made me think of Indians in blankets and moving picture stars in beautiful underwear.

The regular resort for the high school crowd on the way home was the drug-store on the corner where Main Street came into the uptown side of the Square. The Druga we always called it; I'd hate to guess how many sandwiches we had there, and the usual drink was a Chocolate Glass-A, a sort of chocolate soda poured into shaved ice. Glace was the real name, but I didn't learn that until long afterwards.

Between three and four in the afternoon the place was full of jabbering kids. The crowd from Prairie College mostly thought themselves too grown-up for The Drugs and went to Sparta's, a Greek candy and luncheonette a block farther up Main. I guess getting educated keeps people hungry, anyhow those places where kids collect after school and drink soda and talk their heads off are as important to them as Rotary to people like Uncle Elmer.

Molly and I quickly formed a hard and fast alliance, a precious friendship which has lasted down the years. Our most intimate talks come when we're settling down for the night. Backing up the hairbrush is what Molly calls it when we sit down for a milkman's matinee — which is coffee and cigarettes at midnight and hair down all over the place.

But about those afterschool gatherings—we used to grab inside seats in one of the little alcoves; there, with our backs against the wall, we could stand off any amount of teasing. We would be joined by Lyddie Mason or Peg Ramsauer and hash over the day's classroom comedy. As far as I can remember there seemed to be a general underlying joke that burst us into screams of laughter whenever we thought about it. This was that all the faculty, or indeed older people everywhere, had somehow been mercifully shielded against knowing anything about Life. Its secrets, we reckoned, were now being revealed for the first time to us. And not even to all of ourselves; there were some simple souls, like Trudy Weissenkorn or Bernie Janssen.

Bernie later on got to be a problem. Although he was at college he broke all the rules by coming into The Drugs looking for us; if he couldn't get a seat at our table he would gloom at us from a distance, but preserving a collegiate touch by ordering Coke instead of Glass-A. I couldn't exactly high-hat him because he was a sort of member of the household at Uncle Elmer's; and also I was rather taken with his military uniform. But he was terribly dumb.

It must have been about my junior year, after he had been moping at me in his amiable Swedish way for a couple of years, he asked if he could come to call on me of an evening. Of course I had to say Yes, but I had my homework to study. Well, he asked, how often could he come? Oh, I said, every fortnight.

Please turn to page 40

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—**Princess Elizabeth's birthday falls next Monday, April 21. This year she's going to be**
13 years old — 14 — 15 — 16.

2—**There's a familiar acid contained in lemons, namely,**
Acetic acid — formic — nitric — citric.

3—**Rabbits—like so many of our pests—are not native Australians. But are they even justified in boasting that their ancestors were First Fleeters?**
Yes — no.

4—**Nice reading lately, how R.A.F. raiders flew cheekily low over Unter Den Linden. This is Berlin's much prized**
Opera House—show street—Town Hall—central railway — chief theatre.

5—**Know your Gilbert and Sullivan? Good, then you'll know straight off that the song, "Poor Wandering One," comes from**
"The Mikado" — "The Gondoliers" — "The Pirates of Penzance" — "H.M.S. Pinafore" — "The Yeomen of the Guard."

6—**Queensland's recent elections resulted in a win for the Forgan Smith Government, which has now entered upon its**
Second term of office—third term — fourth — fifth.

7—**There's a little thing called a barleycorn. You meet it in the weights and measures tables, and three of it make one**
Inch — ounce — gill — grain.

8—**Which of these countries have common frontiers with Yugoslavia?**
Greece — Austria — Hungary — Rumania — Bulgaria — Albania —Italy.

9—**"When all at once I saw a crowd . . ." dramatically declares the poet Wordsworth—the crowd in question being**
Soldiers — ghosts — frisking lambkins — little children — golden daffodils.

10—**We end with a wedding, at which the correct person to respond to the toast of the bridesmaids is**
The best man—a relative or close friend of the chief bridesmaid —the bridegroom — whatever male guest the bride cares to choose.

Answers on page 42

Say GOODBYE TO GREYNESS OR GOODBYE TO YOUTH

INECTO RAPID will quickly recolour your hair — make you look and feel ten years younger. INECTO RAPID cannot be detected and will not rub nor wash off because it colours the hair FROM THE INSIDE. 18 shades to choose from that never fade and are absolutely permanent. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package.

INECTO Rapid HAIR COLOURING

SORRY — BUT YOU'RE WRONG!

THE MILK BATH IS NOT A MODERN BEAUTY TREATMENT. NERO'S MISTRESS TOOK REGULAR GOAT'S MILK BATHS

TOADS DO NOT CAUSE WARTS

ROUGE IS NOT A NEW IDEA! CENTURIES AGO WOMEN RUBBED ON THEIR CHEEKS PAGES DUSTED WITH VERMILION POWDER

INDIGESTION IS NOT PURELY A PHYSICAL COMPLAINT

BUT — WORRY, NERVES, EMOTIONAL STRESS DO CAUSE EXCESS ACID — START INDIGESTION

When excess acids flow into the stomach, indigestion starts. That's when you need Bisurated Magnesia. It stops indigestion in *five minutes*. It spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, and gives instant and lasting relief. Bisurated Magnesia is sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies—only 2/6 the large and 1/9 the standard size.

83

QUICK RELIEF
FROM CONSTIPATION

Here's how *you* can get prompt, pleasant relief from constipation. To-night, before going to bed, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets. Figsen is easy and pleasant to take; no stomach upsets, no griping pain. In the morning Figsen acts — mildly, thoroughly and *effectively*. Figsen is so gentle and *natural* that, only for the pleasant relief it brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere—1/3½ a tin. *The next best thing to Nature.*

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

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Why they joined the Wrens

Founder's amusing book on early days of naval service

"Why do you want to join the W.R.N.S.?" "Because the hat is so becoming."

"What war-work have you done?" "None. I have never had to work for my living."

"Then why do you want to begin now?" "Because I think naval men are so refined."

These were some of the many curious answers made to the selection board when the Women's Royal Naval Service was formed during the last war.

MEMBERS of the Women's Royal Naval Service of this war relax in their hammocks in leisure hours.

DAME KATHARINE FURSE, founder and director of the W.R.N.S. in England in 1918, tells the story in her autobiography, "Hearts and Pomegranates."

Now that the Wrens have been revived in England, and their counterpart is in formation in Australia, Dame Katharine's reminiscences are of particular interest.

"The first officer appointed to a station was Vera Laughton (now Mrs. Laughton Matthews), who is now director of the new W.R.N.S.," she writes.

"When the Fleet order went out showing that the Service was in being we got every possible kind of help from all stations, although a few of the men rather dreaded the idea of women . . .

"I was reminded lately by an ex-colleague of the Chief Petty Officer cook, who said, 'Of all the 'orrible things this 'orrible war has done, these 'orrible women are the worst.'

"It seems that he changed his opinion later and wanted to keep on his female assistants when our demobilisation began.

"We worked directly under the Second Sea Lord, who did everything possible to help us . . .

"Our office at 15 Great Stanhope Street was not too far away for us to keep in close touch with the Admiralty, of which we were, of course, an integral part.

"In a memo. made at this time there was a suggestion that I might have a key to one of the back doors of the Admiralty, but this would have been going too far, and never materialised.

"As the W.R.N.S. has been revived I need not describe in detail the work in my day . . . Let me merely say briefly that we undertook every form of service ashore which a woman could do wherever the Admiralty appointed us.

"There were all the domestic and clerical duties and our officers replaced paymasters and secretaries to admirals, and also as coders and decoders. We replaced writers, telephonists, telegraphists, and signallers, and also storekeepers and draughtsmen. We staffed hush-hush listening stations in remote places and fitted depth charges and paravanes in ships, as well as floats to torpedo nets, and we cleaned boilers, washed lifebelts and drove cars.

No flippancy, please

"THERE were ways in which our naval friends showed that they did not accept the equality of women.

"On two or three occasions 'playing the silly sailor' I suggested that the Wrens should adapt their toast and say, 'To husbands and sweethearts and may they never meet,' which was invariably received with shocked reserve, no twinkle being allowed to penetrate.

"The navy supported us splendidly and took great pride in the Wrens, but the situation was delicate now and then, as there had to be a rule by which no rating in uniform might go out with a naval officer.

"A ridiculous situation arose when some relative or friend of a naval officer had entered the W.R.N.S. and very naturally wanted to go out with him.

"We had to institute a pass which could be obtained to allow of this, and it was rather funny when some girl had to obtain this in order to go out with her father.

"Little things of this sort, although they may seem absurd now, in 1914-18 made or marred the good name of a Women's Service . . .

"The fear of what might be looked on as unsuitable behaviour was always at the back of our minds, but so far as my experience went there was very little cause for it.

"The V.A.D.'s" (Dame Katharine was one of the pioneers of V.A.D. work) "had a very clean sheet, and so had the Wrens. So much so that the V.A.D.'s were nicknamed 'The Starched Brigade' and the Wrens the 'Prigs and Prudes' or the 'Perfect Ladies,' which we took as a compliment in both cases."

Dame Katharine's war work—for which she received the honor of Dame **Grand Cross of the British Empire—occupied the later** years of her life.

She was the widow of Charles Wellington Furse, A.R.A., whose best-known painting, "Diana of the Uplands," portrays her.

Her father, John Addington Symonds, was a distinguished writer. Both of her sons served in the navy in the last war, and one, John Paul, is a well-known painter of flowers.

"Hearts and Pomegranates." By Dame Katharine Furse. Peter Davies. (Our copy from N.S.W. Bookstall Co., Ltd.).

DAME KATHARINE FURSE, author of "Hearts and Pomegranates," and founder of the Wrens during the last war.

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress,—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles,—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex **Compound** and ¼ ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be **present in** the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which **has cost** thousands of pounds to perfect.

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"Completely healed my varicose pains."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"Varicose Veins quickly healed after 12 years of useless bandaging."
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"Now walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

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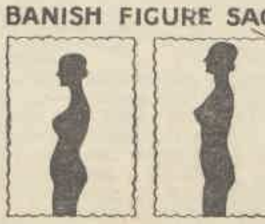

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PRICE 2/1 *from all chemists*

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 38

BERNIE arrived, all slicked up, the following Saturday. It was pretty awful, too. He had a room upstairs in the stable where he changed his clothes. When he finished his jobs round the place he would retire there to doll up, and I would fuss around nervously until he had changed character from hired boy to beau, emerge from the stable and come solemnly to ring the front-door bell.

The first time I was smart and had Molly up to the house and her friend Fedor Vassilly; we played cards and with root beer and plenty of Lena's layer-cake we got through the evening. Except that Lena, who was a kind of aunt or cousin of Bernie's, was so proud of his rise from odd jobs to social caller that she kept coming into the parlor to see if he was doing all right. But then he came again the following Wednesday and took me by surprise; and then also the next Sunday. I got him to do my geometry for me, but then I protested. His explanation was lovely; he thought that "every fortnight" meant every fourth night.

Molly also had anxieties about her first swain, Fedor. He was a very nice boy indeed, one of the sweetest kids in the whole town, and unusual because his family had been Russians.

The difficulty was he had been the hero or victim of a tragic accident. It was one of those crazy things, still gives me a horror to think of. A bunch of boys were skylarking down at the Santa Fe depot while a train was at the platform. One of the town loafers was leaning against a baggage truck half-asleep. He crossed one leg over another just as the boys were running alongside the cars; Fedor tripped and went under the train as it started. He lost a leg.

We were all fond of Fedor, a handsome attractive boy, and quite used to seeing him around on crutches, and then on his artificial leg. But when he got so attentive to Molly she was a bit bothered, feeling that maybe it was not wise to fall in love with anyone incomplete. It seemed to us rather unfair that Molly's first beau had only half his legs, and mine only half his wits.

It was Fedor who put over the good joke on the roughneck Debaughs out at Plautus. We were having one of the Weissenkorn picnics, and as usual the Debaugh cut-ups, making themselves a nuisance, showing off at Fedor's expense because the poor boy couldn't swim so well, and teasing Trudy when they had a chance. Beyond the pool was a rise in the ground, quite a steep bluff, and a few rocks, very rare in that country. Fedor asked the Debaughs if they knew that those were Magnetic Rocks? Of course they laughed at the idea.

Fedor insisted it was so. The magnetism in that kind of rock, he said, was so strong that you couldn't stand on one leg, the power of the rock would draw it down again. Especially, he admitted, a metal leg like his.

The Debaughs said he was crazy, but Fedor said he could prove it. We scrambled up the hill and Fedor stood on the stone hedge, raised his artificial leg in the air and struggled to hold it so. But the magnetism was too strong; little by little he was forced, apparently against his will, to lower his foot to the stone.

THE Debaughs were impressed, but said oh, shucks, maybe it works on a trick leg like yours but not on regular people. Fedor said that even the nails in your shoes had enough metal to catch the magnetism. I saw the joke by this time and volunteered to illustrate. I held up one foot, and sure enough with many grimaces and gestures of struggle it was slowly attracted back to the ground. But this time the Debaughs were eager to try it themselves. Both leaped on the rock, proudly hoisted a leg apiece, and stood there scoffing.

Ixnay, said Fedor, winking at us, and gave a shove from behind. Sam and Sorrel went rolling and slithering down the sandy cliff and landed in a mass of brambles and poison ivy at the bottom.

So there was always room for Fedor in our alcove at The Druga. I can see him coming in with his stiff-leg walk and his dark, clever face, awkwardly fitting himself at the table. He would explain that if the leg was in anyone's way we must tell him about it as he couldn't tell by the feel. Not even with all that Magnetism in it, Molly would ask, and we would squall with laughter. I guess laughter came easy in the Middle West.

. . . . . .

I don't mind people being the way they are. Sometimes I think, Oh, if I could just get together all the people I love and give them one perfect day. People's faces are so handsome when they're happy.

Take Uncle Elmer. You couldn't call him handsome, he was too thick and beefy, his neck was reddish, and he wore carrot-colored shoes with bulging box-toes, but he looked mighty reliable fussing round the place. There were two things he couldn't take, people who were untidy and people who were talkative. Both were combined in Mrs. Stillwagon, our next-door neighbor. Warm evenings we could hear that voice of hers booming across the lawn as she went on and on at the phone. Once Uncle looked up from the evening paper and said to Aunt Hattie: "It's a shame Mrs. Stillwagon has that painful disease."

"Why Elmer, what do you mean?"

"I don't mean painful to her. Painful to other folks. When she gets started talking she don't know how to quit."

Molly and I thought this was very amusing, we made up a rhyme and got some of the boys to shout it along the street one evening:

"Poor Mrs. Stillwagon, she's full of pop;
When she starts talking she just can't stop."

But the Middle West is a great place for talk anyhow. Every call is a social call, even if it's somebody trying to sell you an egg-beater. Aunt Hattie was at the mercy of anybody who rang the bell. She'd ask them in and never know how to get rid of them. Sometimes Bernie would come in just to find out what he was wanted to do next, she'd ask him to sit and have something, first thing you know it was time for him to go back to college and he never did get the chore finished.

I figure that every woman ought to have at least a year's experience in an office, just to teach her how to get rid of people who call without an appointment and make themselves a nuisance.

It was bad luck that side lawn, Uncle's specialty, adjoined Mrs. Stillwagon's place. Bernie did the rest of the odd jobs, but mowing and weeding and raking the company lawn was Uncle's joy. Mrs. Stillwagon was so untidy that everyone who worked for her got that way, too. Her hens broke loose from the yard and were always coming over.

One day Uncle went down early for some reason, probably to see if his new grass seed had sprouted. He came out on the kitchen porch in his dressing-gown and found a whole flock of Stillwagon hens gaping at him in their scandalised, prudish way. It made him so sore he threw the morning cream bottle at them. That made a thick, messy splash on the turf, and I acquired merit by going out to sop it up with a big sheet of blotting paper.

When Mrs. Stillwagon's hired man trimmed her new privet hedge he threw all the clippings over on our side. Maybe he intended to come and pick them up after, but meantime Uncle discovered them. He gathered up all the cuttings and stuck them in the ground back of the stable as a screen for his vegetable patch. It was sprouting spring weather, and in that black prairie dirt they took root and grew into a fine hedge even better than Mrs. Stillwagon's. This tickled him so it became a sort of fable in his mind and he used it the time he was called on to make a speech at Rotary.

Uncle Elmer was certainly decent to me. It must have been a shock to him to have kids frolicking round the place after that orderly routine of his. Even each of his golf clubs had a little shammy pouch tied over its head so it wouldn't get rusty.

He spent so much energy on details like that he had no time left to enjoy the game. He put out a croquet set for us on his sacred lawn, and I can see now how patient he was picking up bobby-pins and the caps of bottles. He had genius for choosing the wrong kind of clothes, tweeds that were the color of straw and would have given Wyn apoplexy. Sundays he always had an overcoat with a velvet collar, it made my spine creep to see it rub his neck. He shaved too close and then put talcum on his face; he carried a show-off handkerchief in his breast-pocket, folded in four points; he'd sneeze all over the room sooner than snatch it out. But what's the use of kidding people who don't even know they're being kidded? He was a Good Provider, and one or two of those don't do a family any harm.

I can't help wishing Uncle Elmer had had just a little more of what Wyn calls frolic. Unless Uncle did it down at the cornplanter factory he never let himself go. Maybe he just didn't have anything in him that wanted to go. I used to think sometimes how respectable he was compared to my old man, and blame myself for being disloyal.

All the same you've got to hand it to Uncle Elmer. You might as well; he'll take it anyhow. I'd like to know what he was thinking about, those days on the grass plot. Maybe he saw more than just grass. He liked to make things grow. Maybe he saw his own kind of decent well-cared-for world, with a sizzling platter for Sunday dinner and a snoring nap afterwards and a drive in his shirt-sleeves over those straight flat roads to Muscatine or Peoria.

. . . . . .

But wasn't it grand and gorgeous to get back to Philly that first time, after nine months away. Nine months is long enough for a lot to happen. It must be more than just accident they chose that length of time for the school year?

Aunt Hattie intended to see me as far as Chicago. She wanted to pick out some summer porch-furniture at Field's. We had one of those crazy Illinois springs, hot weather at the end of March, and Uncle insisted on Bernie putting out all the bamboo chairs and lounges. Then we had an early April blizzard that just about ruined them.

That must have been, let's see, '25, and the cornplanter business was riding high. The factory had just got a royalty on some machinery-patent for planters in Ukraine, that was the first time I got the idea Russia really existed. He was always tickled when Aunt Hattie got steamed up about something because except on the telephone she was so quiet about what she was thinking. The telephone was invented, I guess, for women who never spill their thoughts any other way.

Just before Auntie was going to take me to Chicago she caught a septic throat, and Doctor Witt had to come. It's a funny thing how often doctors are shy, and Doctor Witt was the shyest. The screw was loose in the handle of the bathroom door. He was in there washing his hands, and when he took hold of the handle to come out, the knob slipped right off. There was no way to turn the latch and he was too bashful to make a fuss. The radio was on, and no one heard him knocking until smart old Pattyshells began to bark.

Uncle took me down to that same old morning rattler and I went to Chicago alone. Lena packed a lunch for me because she said the news butcher's sandwiches at Princeton weren't good enough. There were some other high school kids in the car, going on vacation visits. I sat just behind them and joined in the conversation but I felt very superior, I was going all the way to Philly. Also they had a giggling spell, which is very annoying when you don't feel that way yourself.

Please turn to page 42

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Arians are notorious for head and face injuries and also for getting mixed up in arguments and accidents.

WISE Arians—people born between March 21 and April 21—will strive to overcome these weaknesses, due to the association of Aries with Mars, and develop a determination to keep out of trouble and arguments.

At the same time it is these characteristics which tend to make them so courageous, confident and enterprising, and why so many of them earn high repute as soldiers, business leaders, explorers, reformers, engineers, and pioneers.

Parents of Arian children, therefore, will try to teach the youngsters that there are vast differences between rashness and courage, defiance and strength of character, confidence and aggression, enterprise and over-venturesomeness.

They should help them to develop self-control and show them that people who would successfully lead and govern must first learn to govern themselves.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Sit back and try to consolidate past gains rather than begin new ventures or make changes of importance. April 24, 25, and 26 (until 8 a.m.) just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Now it is time for you to get busy. Try to achieve some of those ambitions of yours. Plan ahead so that you will be in a position to make the most of opportunities and to make important changes, seek promotion or otherwise seek advancement. April 26 (from 10 a.m. onward) and April 27 favor you considerably and should be utilised fully. Be cautious on April 19 and 20.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): A week of fair days for most Geminites. April 19 best of all, especially if you plan it well. April 20 can be quite desirable, too. Much will depend upon yourself this week.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Continue to live cautiously on April 19, 20, and 21 (very early). April 21 (after 10 a.m.), 22, and 23 favor you moderately, and enterprise allied with caution and wise planning can produce very fair results.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Don't take risks. Your stars indicate delays, obstacles, arguments, difficulties, general worry, and setbacks. Routine will prove best. Try to avoid all elements which can produce adversity, especially on April 19, 20, and 21 (very early), and again on April 26.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Better times just ahead, so plan wisely and be on the lookout for opportunities and favors. Be cautious on April 21, 22, and 23, but set ambitious plans in motion on April 26. Don't waste a moment then.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be cautious and keep to routine affairs this week, the difficulties are less likely to arise than during recent weeks. April 24 and 25 slightly adverse.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be particularly cautious, patient, and wise on April 19, 20, 21 (early), and 26. Try to avoid partisan opposition, disappointments, discord, unpopularity, and losses then.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): April 19 and 20 quite fair for many Sagittarians, and opportunities may present themselves to those who know where to look for them. April 21 (after 10 a.m.), 22, and 23 may produce slight difficulties.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Don't waste any time this week on matters of no import. Make your plans well in advance and go after some of the things you want, especially in the line of favors, changes, and promotion. Things should be very fair from April 21 (after 10 a.m.) until April 23, and very good indeed on April 26.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Look out for trouble. Attention to routine will prove wisest. Do all you can to avoid arguments, delays, worries, and difficulties, especially on April 20, 21 (very early), and 26. Losses or disappointments likely then.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): April 21 (from noon onward), 22, and 23 can be quite fair for lively Pisceans. So can April 26 (from 10 a.m.). Don't demand too much, but plan for general well-being.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, while motoring in Central Africa, find the road blocked. While they are trying to clear it, a band of horsemen led by
A BANDIT CHIEF: Capture and hold them with other prisoners. The Chief is astonished when Mandrake, by hypnotic powers, makes the barrier appear to turn into a bridge, and transforms his horse into a rocking-horse.

When his long moustaches seem to reach down and snatch his gun out of his hand, the Bandit Chief gasps, "Who are you?"

Mandrake tells him, then requests to be taken to the bandits' camp.

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 40

WHAT is it about girls that makes giggling such a comfort to them? Wyn used to say, they're walking a tight-rope over lunacy; their breath comes quicker than boys', their fibres are softer, their whole system is tuned up for comedy like cider in a jug, and something's got to blow.

Wyn loved to lay down the law about girls, he'd try out his ideas on me. I supposed girls were just people, but it's nice to be convinced they are different. Girls don't take girls seriously, no matter what age.

I was feeling too important to really enjoy their cackle. I had a tan pongee dress but the white pique collar and cuffs were a mistake for travelling. I was pleased by my new straw hat with daisies on it, but when the conductor came for my ticket a grasshopper that had got on me jumped off my hat and right into his face, which set the kids off in more screams. I didn't like to take my hat off, because I had put up my pigtails and was self-conscious about it. The prairie lay like one of uncle's sizzling platters and my head felt like a hot cross bun when it touched the plush seat.

I had plenty of time to window-shop the Union Depot in Chicago. That always seems to me the real core of America. I'm still surprised when I find white redcaps there; of course in the east we take it for granted redcaps should be colored people. At first I supposed they were pale mulattoes, but when they scratched their heads I noticed their hair was different.

In Chicago, I bought a cheap souvenir ash-tray for Pop and studied the models of sleeping car sections so I wouldn't act like a greenhorn. I hung on to my suit-case until my arm creaked because I was afraid if I gave it to a redcap he'd ask if I was taking the Limited, which I wasn't. The Limited's extra fare. I got that good old afternoon train, they call it The General now, it makes Philly at breakfast time.

At North Philly there were the old man and Mac, just like when I went away. Even the platform was still wet, as though that thunder-shower had lasted all the meantime. They were hosing it for a hot day. The old man must have been up most of the night so as to be sure to meet me, arthritis and all. "Well," he says, "I've had plenty of training. Watchman, what of the night?"

Seeing him again I noticed he looked old. There were lines on his forehead I didn't know about before. He didn't like the heat and that vein was jumpy in the soft place on his temple. We had breakfast in the station restaurant and as usual I went over to the marble fountain in the waiting-room looking for a drink and found no water in it.

Oh it's good, seeing things again you've been carrying in your mind all the while and didn't even know you knew. It's like the times you lay down a lighted cigarette; you cruise round the apartment doing this and that but something inside remembers about the cigarette and you always come back and pick it up just in time. At least I do, Wyn always noticed.

Pop had a button off his vest. Now I was the woman in the family and that sort of thing was up to me. He always put any buttons that fell off in the old pink and gilt moustache cup on the left end of the kitchen shelf. I expected to find plenty of them, and I was right. "Mac's been sewing on buttons for me," he said, "but he figures every other one is enough."

I thought Mac looked thin and a bit nervy. "He has a right to," said Pop, "he's moving the earth." This was a joke between them; Mac had got a clerical job with a firm in North Philly that makes Earth Moving Equipment. Most of his off time was spent keeping an eye on the old man, who took some moving himself.

Mac went off to his job. "He's got to go and Move Earth," Pop said. "He don't move Heaven much. He comes home nights with lipstick on his handkerchief."

"It's a pity you ain't got anything better to do than study through the laundry basket," Mac said as he was heaving the old man into a cab.

"That's where I keep my liquid nourishment," says Pop. "Myrtle got wise to the corner cupboard."

GRISCOM Street looked just the same. The sexton at the big grey Methodist church on the corner was out washing off the chalk marks on the sidewalk where the kids had been playing hopscotch. That always got him angry, but it was the only bit of pavement smooth enough. He used to rush out and chase us, so Pop got insulting to him over it.

My brother Denny, who was a bit on the prim side, didn't like that at all. He had gone to live in Cincinnati and married quality, it was always a shock to him to come back to Frankford and find Pop just the same. Denny said: "Kitty, when you grow up you'll certainly be refined just by contrast to your surroundings. There's Ed, he learned so much foul talk making the world safe for democracy he has to go to American Legion conventions to practise up on it."

Pop said: "Sheep dip! Just because you married a librarian, Denny, you can't high hat the family. Librarians know more funny stories than anyone else, they've got cases at the Mercantile that smells so strong they keep 'em locked up." Mac said: "That's research librarians. Denny's wife is the clean-minded sort, she just runs a rental."

Denny got sore and said what was the use coming all the way from Cincinnati just to be insulted at home.

Being a girl in a family like ours teaches you the kind of things that make men sore. It's useful to know. What always burned up Ed was "make the world safe for democracy" and "the war to end war." It took me quite a while to get wise to those sayings, they were what people used to write editorials about in the newspapers.

The house was pretty dusty but old Myrtle had done a job of cleaning in my room. I could smell hot shingles on the roof, same as always; and there was the little narrow window over the side entry that gave me a glimpse out on the street. And the old faded photograph of mother when she was still a young girl in Germantown before she married into Frankford.

That's quite a gulf, if you don't know it; though Pop, when he got peeved, would say when you get that far down Wissahickon Avenue it's not Germantown but Tioga.

Mother said nonsense; we even had a station in Germantown named for us, Upsal. Whoever heard of a station called Foyle? Then Pop would call her his little chicken from Wissahickon which always tickled her. I can see now that they once had a private language of their own, too, like other people. It's queer when you get a human slant on your own parents.

That little strip of window was what I used to look at when I woke of a morning as a kid. The old wooden bed with slats was set so I could just see through it. There wasn't any blind on that window, it wasn't a real window, just a pane let into the wall. I was waiting for mother to come and call me to get dressed. It was a nice safe feeling. Now I couldn't quite feel that way again. Mother was gone, and I was sort of split up between Frankford and Manitou, and Pop was getting old and a bit queer.

Just for a moment as I unpacked my suitcase, and that's a queer feeling, if you stop to think about it, the way things change their meaning while they go travelling, the train I'd been on seemed the only real thing I had. Trains, how I love them and how they can hurt. I was rummaging to get out Pop's ashtray and sorry because I hadn't thought to bring anything for Mac or Myrtle and I wanted to cry. I think that was one of the first times I didn't understand myself. Maybe I never will. Maybe it's better not to.

I heard old Pop fighting to get upstairs, hanging on to the bannister and cursing; it took him so long to crabwalk up that I got my eyes smoothed out and had his present ready for him. Come to think of it, a kid of fourteen can be a pretty good actress. I couldn't do it now; once you let the flood go over the dam you never get back that tight holding-power.

I think as a matter of fact poor old Pop was lonely to see some female fixings. He was pleased once when I called him a softshell crab. He was just learning to let down his armor. He took a quick look at the picture of mother on the dresser and then back at me. My trunk was there already, Uncle sent it by express in advance, and Pop sat and watched me unpack.

You can tell the way a man's mind is running by what he pretends to make fun of. I was proud of some new summer dresses Aunt Hattie and I picked out at the Mode in Paris which was Manitou's big shop for Girls and Misses. Pop saw the labels. "I suppose that means Paris, Illinois." He was tickled to death to see clothes again, but what he said was: "When I look at young gals and think all the crazy things they're going to have to wear before they get through, I wonder they have the courage to grow up."

Pop lay down to get some rest, and I straightened up my stuff and then I talked to Myrtle on the back steps while she cut string beans. We had Myrtle on full time now; I was glad, I'd been worrying maybe I'd have to do the cooking.

I went out for a walk. There was the old Friends' Meeting House on Orthodox Street, and the Library on Frankford Avenue where I borrowed the Little Colonels and "Anne of Green Gables." How childish I must have been. I thought: I used to think the name of the man who built the Library was Mr. Esq. because the tablet said, "Given by Andrew Carnegie Esq."

Pop tried to explain the Esq. business, but only puzzled me. He said you can't get to be one of the Esqs. in Philly unless you either give a library or chase something in the open air. Mac said, "What do you mean, like chasing a baseball?"

"Crickey, no," Pop said. "A cricket ball, maybe, that'll help so long as you don't get paid for it, but it's better to be animals. If you can sit on one animal and chase another you get to be Esq."

That night after supper we sat out on the porch, Pop in the old green rocker and me on a mat on the steps. Lena McTaggart and Nellie Simmons stopped by to give me a once-over, but I didn't like Nellie any better than I had before. They tried to give me a song-and-dance about big times at Frankford High, but I came right back with Manitou dope. They boasted about their school song and like a fool I hummed "Old Manitou" to them. That was a humiliation because they squawked with laughter and said it was only the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland."

"Never you mind, Kitty," said Pop when they'd gone. "Tell me all about Pattyshells and Molly Scharf, and you can throw in a little information about Elmer and Hattie."

You know, the old man was smart. He knew when to treat a kid of fourteen like a woman, and when to treat her like a baby. That's not so easy.

The old man and I went down to the Shore. We went down by bus to Tidewood. I guess I'm a snob at heart because when I used to try to tell Wyn about the Shore I always found it hard to say it was Tidewood where we stayed. Of course Wyn's kind of people don't think there is any shore unless just the right part of Cape May. Anywhere else the ocean is sort of polluted.

Please turn to page 43

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, April 16.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, April 17.—Half-hour of Music.

FRIDAY, April 18.—"Melody Mysteries." Competition and Results.

SATURDAY, April 19.—Goodie Reeve presents "Memories for the Asking."

SUNDAY, April 20.—Half-hour of Special Music.

MONDAY, April 21.—"With the A.I.F. Overseas."

TUESDAY, April 22.—Half-hour of Special Music.

Damp-set YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

QUICK INEXPENSIVE WAY TO THRILLING WAVES! It works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave, natural or permanent . . . takes but four minutes! Hollywood stars are wildly enthusiastic over *damp-setting*—amazing discovery of a famous American beauty chemist. You will be, too, for *damp-setting* with VELMOL revives your waves and curls and gives your hair new, smart sheen.

JUST THREE EASY STEPS in *damp-setting*. 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through your hair, and 3. Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you like it best.

You'll be delighted! Hair looks so silky-soft and natural—never "stiff" or oily—and the wave *stays put!* Even a finger wave will last for days! Ask for VELMOL, from chemist, store or hairdresser.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

The answer is—

1—15 years old.

2—Citric.

3.—Yes. (Several rabbits arrived with the First Fleet.)

4.—Show street.

5—"The Pirates of Penzance."

6—Fourth term of office.

7—Inch.

8—All of them.

9—Golden daffodils.

10—The best man.

Questions on page 38

No more COUGHING!

or Sleepless Nights . . .

Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture certainly makes short work of these stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mr. C. D. Thomas. He says: "I have had chronic Bronchitis all my life, and *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture is the only medicine that has given me lasting relief."

You can't go wrong on *Buckley's* — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. Get a bottle to-day at any chemist or store.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

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Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 42

SURE, Tidewood's a terrible place, and terrible people, but somehow the Ocean seems to have forgiven them. Wyn got the idea after a while, because I remember him saying one time we stopped on a lonely beach, God must have loved the ocean. He made so much of it?

Why did we go by bus, I wonder. It was Mac's idea, he thought it would be easier for the old man. I guess the principal thing was Mac wanted to get rid of us. Madonna of the Lipstick was crowding him pretty hard. He'd done a chore on the old man all winter and he needed his evenings to go up Torresdale way where the girl lived. I never saw her, but the old man thought she was dirt.

When the old man went anywhere you had to make an early start and take plenty of time. Buses were still pretty crude and he cursed so much that women with children complained to the driver. The angle of the seats was wrong for his back. When the old man built up one of his real grouches he didn't care what happened. By the time Mac left me alone with him I knew this one was going to be a beauty. He made me open his suitcase for him, right there in the terminal, and swigged off what he called some Oil of Ulster.

We had two rooms in a boarding house out at Tidewood Crest. Pop's peeve lasted three days; partly on account of the beating he took on the trip down, and partly because he didn't know yet where to get a reliable drink. Partly maybe because he decided to grow a beard. His hands had got shaky so he didn't like to shave. He was sore because the beard came out grey and white. He called it his flag of truce, his sign of surrender. I guess he meant he really knew now that he was old and had quit scheming.

I don't know just how I spent the time. That's a good kind of time when you don't know where it went. There was a girl there had a mah-jongg set, and I played that quite a lot, and she and I walked on the Boardwalk and tried to win Helene the Beach Vamp, a doll, by knocking down tenpins. We got loaded up with china cats at the game-boards.

I think we were sore because none of the boys tried to pair up with us, but we wouldn't admit it, and pretended to be amused by the couples we saw. The times I remember best were when Pop hobbled across the sand fields to the beach and I'd carry the old grey shawl and an umbrella and maybe a book.

That was way up beyond the town and the Boardwalk, and the beach wasn't crowded. My swimming that I learned in the mudpond at Plautus wasn't much good in that surf, so I'd mostly sit where it creamed up like meringue on a lemon pie.

The sun was good for the old man, and when he wasn't worrying about me we were great company.

Maybe I was a little shy of him, because he looked so strange in that half-grown beard. Partly the beard helped because I was the only person there who knew it was really just the same old Pop under that terrible thicket. We heard church-bells and I said maybe we ought to go to service.

"I guess the ocean sometimes makes me feel I'm in church," I said, a bit timid to be talking about such things. "It's so big and it sort of fills you with awe."

"You're getting wise, Kitty. A tide comin' in and a tide goin' out."

I know what he meant. He meant That's you and me, Kitty. But he knew that would have troubled me if he said it.

I wish I could have thrown my arms round his neck and kissed his spiky old face and said I love you. Why did he have to grow a beard just then!

A few times we got as far over as the Inlet and Pop took me crabbing. The boatman towed us out and we'd anchor there in a leaky punt lowering fishheads on a string weighted with rusty bolts. I wore overalls so I didn't mind the mushy bait, and as long as we kept those big brandishing crabs down Pop's end of the boat I'd forget all about the fishing. Warm salt breeze and the smell of fishheads and once in a while on a gust comes the sound of that steam-piano on the Boardwalk carrousel. I was in a dream, I wasn't thinking about anything, or wanting anything, or scared of anything—just learning what living feels like.

It was what they call on the air Pause for Station Identification. This is Station K.F., at the Top of the Dial. And here's your favorite Newscaster, Kitty Foyle. This is Kitty Foyle, just beginning to learn about herself; fourteen years old. Oh, lovely things are going to happen to Kitty Foyle. Beautiful blond men with ruddy brown cheeks, shaved so clean, and wearing creased ice-cream pants, are going to look strangely at Kitty Foyle on the Boardwalk and she walks serenely by. I wonder if Kitty Foyle sways gracefully when they turn to look after her.

I know what they call it, adolescence. What a dumb word for a sweet thing. A skinny kid in dirty fish-smell overalls, black hair sticky with salt under a straw hat, bare brown feet in sneakers, and broken fingernails, leaning over a scow and thinking she's the Lady of the Lake and of all the wonderful things the world will hold for her.

. . . . . .

I get mixed up which summer was which; it doesn't matter. We went down to Tidewood several times. I know it was that summer of '25 we made the embarrassing visit to Cape May. It was the first time I suffered the big female problem, nothing to wear.

Sunday mornings, like everybody else we sat on the boarding-house porch and read the "Public Ledger." I used to be fascinated by the society notes. At that time Molly Scharf and I were conducting a make-believe correspondence in which she played the part of Mrs. Rosemont Rittenhouse and I was Mrs. B. Cynwyd Lloyd. It was absurd but it was a good game.

For example, Molly, writing as Mrs. Rittenhouse, would tell me what a time she was having because she and Rosey had to entertain the Prince of Wales and all their hunters had fallen sick and they would have to use their polo ponies to chase the fox. And I would reply with some social dnemma supposedly agitating the breast of Mrs. Lloyd.

But one day I forgot to cover up an envelope I had just addressed to Mrs. Rosemont Rittenhouse, c/o Miss Molly Scharf, Thanksgiving Ave., Manitou, Ill. Pop happened to see it and said "What's this?" I explained the game, and Pop was amused but said not to put names like that on the outside of the letter. Some clerk at the post office, who knew Mrs. Rosemont Rittenhouse wasn't in Illinois—there never was much secret about where the Rittenhouses were spending the heated term—might put the correct address on it, and she'd really get the letter and be annoyed.

"Rosey's one of the grandest guys in the world," said Pop. "He hit three boundaries in one over, against the Gentlemen of England when they were touring here. He used to be muscle-bound until I taught him how to loosen up when the bowler's arm rises. I never thought I was going to be the one that's muscle-bound now."

When I would read out some big Society Page name Pop could always place it his own way. Mrs. Reggie Montgomery maybe wore a white camellia at the Assembly, and a foaming mass of white tulle, but Pop remembered that he got fifty-six against Reggie's bowling when Frankford played Merion C.C. in 1904.

"As a matter of fact," said Pop, looking up from a foaming mass of Sunday "Ledger," "I see Rosey's down at Cape May right now."

Only a few days after that Pop was hobbling along Ocean Avenue on his way to the bootlegger, he met Mr. Rittenhouse driving through to some yachting at Barnegat. Pop was very pleased because Mr. Rittenhouse gave him a lift to the bootlegger's, ordered a whole case of drinks on Pop's recommendation, brought the old man back to Ocean View in the car, and invited us down to Cape May for dinner the following Sunday.

That's when I first had the nothing to wear jitters. It was true, too; it always is. At a seashore boarding-house a kid of fourteen isn't likely to have any Rittenhouse sort of clothes. All I had with me was the old straw suitcase.

"IF he'd ask us for lunch," I said, "I could have worn my blue middy and the white linen skirt, but for dinner you don't know what they may pull on us."

"Kitty, I didn't know you were going to be that sort of a girl."

"Every girl is that sort of a girl."

"It's your Germantown blood coming out," he said. "All right, all right, we'll go downtown and find something chiffoon."

That's exactly what we did, and it was terrible. I didn't know any better, and let the old man pick out for me a kind of yellow gauzy thing with blue flowers on it, what Pop called hysteria blossoms. It was much too old for me, and much too sheer. My poor little camisole I was so proud of showed through like everybody's business.

Of course the party turned out to be Sunday evening buffet supper and everybody in outdoor sports clothes; just the exactly correct kind of informality and a colored butler in a white coat passing mint juleps. I felt like a fool and everybody was so terribly kind it made me feel worse. Also I was ashamed of having used Mrs. Rittenhouse's name in fun because she saw my trouble and was grand to me. A big South Jersey moon came up and we all went down on the beach, at the foot of their lovely lawn, because, as Rosey said, "Something might have been cast up by the sea." It had, sure enough; something with ice in it.

Pop took more than he should, but he had a notable time; Rosey played up to him with cricket reminiscences and we all sang songs and pretended that the bonfire would keep away the mosquitoes. Mrs. Rittenhouse lent me a polo coat to cover my chiffon and as long as we were out in the dark it wasn't so bad. But I thought I'd never get Pop to leave. The chauffeur drove us all the way back to Tidewood, and I know I was cross and humiliated.

"Great country, South Jersey," Pop said. "Rosey don't need to talk about Bah Habbah and Newport. We got the greatest air on the Atlantic Coast. Even makes my fingers tingle."

"That kind of a tingle comes in bottles," I said.

I guess now it was probably high blood pressure or something.

Please turn to page 44

DORVILLE'S YOUTHFUL sheer wool dirndl done in deep, rich red with a slender midriff section in khaki.

"See my Toofies?"

Thanks to Steedman's! Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them — the safe aperient up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

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Worried? Nervous? Sleepless?

Read how Mr. R. A. Hart, of 4 King Edward St., Rockdale, N.S.W., ended his Severe Case of Sleepless Nights.

Mr. Hart writes: "I am a returned soldier who has undergone 30 major operations for war wounds. My nerves were completely run down and I could not sleep. I have taken one bottle of Phosphorated Iron and now I can sleep without any drugs. I am feeling a new man already."

Phosphorated Iron is a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic elements concentrated in easy-to-take *tablets*. It restores, calms and strengthens weak, jumpy, run-down nerves. Quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force.

Don't drug or dope yourself to sleep, use this safe, positive method to get at the cause of your sleepless nights—*run-down nerves*. Build them up with **Phosphorated Iron** and soon you will feel stronger, eat better, and once more enjoy restful relaxed sleep at night.

Ask your chemist to-day for **Phosphorated Iron.**

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

"Open Up" Your Nose

Just a few drops up each nostril ... then every breath is cool and clear!

Don't go on struggling for breath! "Open up" your clogged nose, clear your head, make life worth living again. Just put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

HITS THE SPOT! This new way to nose comfort is neat, pleasant, and *quick!* Those few drops of Va-tro-nol carry specialized medication straight to where it is needed. This medication clears away mucus ... shrinks the swollen membranes inside your nose ... relieves that hot, dry irritation ... makes breathing easy ... ends that feeling that your head is "big as a house."

AND WORKS FAST! In just a moment or two you're feeling amazingly relieved. Begin today to enjoy the comfort Va-tro-nol brings.

For Better Sleep. A few drops of Va-tro-nol at bedtime keep nose clear, let you sleep.

Prevent Colds. Used at first sneeze, Va-tro-nol keeps many a cold from developing.

Sinus Pain. By helping to drain the sinuses, Va-tro-nol eases that throbbing pain of sinus congestion.

At Work. Keep a bottle of Va-tro-nol handy. So easy to use . . . for easing nose discomfort . . . for preventing colds.

Prepared and guaranteed by the makers of Vicks VapoRub

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Not only different to look at . . .

Quite apart from its glorious transparency, Pears is a most distinctive soap. Its fragrance is delicate, its lather silky. There are no short cuts in making a soap like this . . . it takes months of mellowing and maturing to produce a soap like Pears.

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ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

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HOUSEWORK HANDS?

Quick! use HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

Makes them instantly soft, smooth, lovely

1/1 and 2/2 (Economy Size)

FREE OFFER! To put sunshine in your hair send this advert., with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 960-GG, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. pkt. Camilatone Tonnes will be sent free.

W.W.19/4/41

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 43

It was well on in summer when Pop and I came home. I know the blue morning glories were out on the stone wall of the Pennypacker place. Griscom Street seemed small and dark after all that sunlight at Tidewood.

Those Frankford summers were all pretty much the same. Once in a while someone would come and drive Pop over to Manheim to see a cricket match at the Germantown C.G. I'd try to see that he always had a clean pair of his old flannel pants so he'd feel natural round the pavilion. Usually they asked him to keep score and that tickled him but he said he couldn't do it right unless he had flannels on. It didn't matter they'd shrunk because he was shrinking too.

When you think back you can see it doesn't matter so much what actually happened as what kind of a pattern it leaves in your mind.

I helped Myrtle with the housework, and I was awfully proud to do the marketing. I'd go round to Frankford Avenue right after breakfast before it got hot. Sometimes I'd go to the Andrew Carnegie Esq. library and try to get interested in a book. You could always tell if a book was any good by the way you didn't notice the L rumbling overhead.

Or maybe I'd iron Mac's shirts for him, but it was hot in that little kitchen and you couldn't work up much enthusiasm about putting a gloss on collars that the Lipstick Lady of Torresdale was going to mess up. Matter of fact, she faded out of the picture about then.

Myrtle, who always did detective work on the laundry basket, said she was sure Mac had fallen overboard somewhere in muddy water. We couldn't figure how, but we kidded him about it, and he let out the secret. He and his girl had gone for a picnic and hired a canoe to paddle up the creek. Neither of them knew much about marine life, and they tipped over. He pulled her out through a swamp and she had to spread herself in a hayfield to dry. The girl was so sore she wanted Mac to pay for a new outfit. He asked her how much and she said fifty dollars. Then Mac got sore. Pop advised him to stick to Earth Moving instead of canoeing.

In spite of heat it was never dull in that old kitchen. Pop would be sitting in the wicker chair under the wistaria vine wondering how he could wait until Mac got home to fetch something from the speakeasy. Myrtle and I wouldn't do that errand for him.

When Myrtle had something on her mind she wanted to get across to Pop, but she didn't quite like to say it direct, she'd tell it to me in a way he could hear it.

I have the ironing-board across the wash-tubs so I can look out the window and get a breath of air. I hear Myrtle down below in the yard. "That ole man better git less sociable with liquor. He ought to be ashamed to encourage bootleggin' on Orthodox Street. I take note there's two ends to that street, there's a speakeasy one end and a unsane asylum the other. He better stick in the middle where the Quaker Meetin' holds forth."

I made a chink in the vine so I could look down from above and see poor old Pop's hand holding his newspaper. If it was shaking too much I'd go down and talk to him. Myrtle brings clothes in from the line and sprinkles them on the big kitchen table. That was a grand old table, white as bread from scrubbing, it was the kind the top lifts up and turns it into a settle. When the top was down I could crawl underneath when I was small and lie hidden on the bench part, watching people's feet.

I remember how fast Mother's feet used to move, and the smell of hot jam. You've got to move fast when you're boiling preserves. Myrtle's feet were quite different, a comical flat shape with the heel sticking out behind. They would forget I was under there. Once I called out, "Why are colored people's feet such a funny shape?" Myrtle was so frightened she dropped the coal scuttle.

"Lucky I didn't drop that bucket on 'em, they'd be funnier yet. Honey, them's perseverin' feet. Feet tromps out flat wuhkin' in de vineyard."

We used that table for meals. It was handy, over in the far end of the kitchen where the little window looked down the side passage. If anybody came to the door we could see them before they rang and "arrange our defences," Pop said. Under that window was the old-fashioned ice-chest, the kind where the top raises up. Mac could make a long arm from the table right into the ice-chest for a bottle of beer. Over by the stove was the sink.

There's a cursing and a creaking of wicker down under the arbor and the clatter of a pipe fallen on the brick walk. I go out and give Pop a hand to get up from his chair. He'd go through any kind of misery to hobble round the yard, pinch off faded hollyhocks by the back fence. While he was doing that I'd fix him some hot tea, and paper-thin slices of brown bread and butter. Butter with bread spread on it, Myrtle called it.

You tell that black woman, Pop says, there's one advantage in being Irish. If you can't get whisky you can always make out with a cup of tea.

They both enjoyed kidding, and like sensitive people do, they knew where to stop. Myrtle said once: "If yo' Pop called me nigger I'd be like to walk out and quit. But when he say black woman I know he mean it fo' compliment."

So Pop and I take our cup of tea in the arbor, and Myrtle has hers leaning on the wash-tubs over our heads, and calling down through the trellis. Sometimes Lena McTaggart came in about that time in the afternoon. She wasn't so bad when she was away from Nellie Simmons, and she brought her mah-jongg set.

When I was talking to her of course my mind went back to high school and I'd get a bit mixed up inside. I didn't quite know whether I was an Illinois girl or a Philadelphia girl. Then Mac would come home, and Myrtle left to look after her own family. I'd get out supper for the men, and Pop and Mac and Griscom Street were all my world and a good one.

To be continued

'Men hate to see you dabbing away with your *powder puff.*'

Forget "shiny nose" by using Revelry — *the face powder that has extra cling.*

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FREE SAMPLE

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Five Smart Shades: Rachel, Apricot, Peach, Suntan, and Natural.

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PROVED *by Scientific* HALF-HEAD Tests

New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!

Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:
1. Up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Faster, safer "perming."
4. Helps keep hair's elasticity.

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE; *LEFT—Soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-film." RIGHT — Colinated side. Hair shining, silky-bright.*

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo. And it proves this revolutionary new shampoo gives almost unbelievable results . . . a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colinating" process.

In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with **Colinated** *foam*—the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo. And the results? . . . 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff *completely.*

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo!) Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of **Colinated** *foam* **Shampoo.**

Half hair washed with Colinated foam, other half with fine soap or powder shampoo—in nothing affected results except the shampoos themselves.

Helps "Perms" Take Faster

In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd. - - - Sydney.

Radio League finds homes for soldiers

Cheerful home atmosphere has been provided for more than 11,000 service men on leave in Sydney by the members of the 2GB Hospitality League, organised by Miss Anne Marsh.

When the war began Miss Marsh realised that leave would provide problems to many men without relatives and friends in Sydney.

She immediately began to organise a list of hostesses who were willing to entertain men of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Mercantile Marine services.

These homes are open to the men whenever a call is made, and it is a proud boast of the Hospitality League that no man has ever been refused help.

Some idea of the problems facing Miss Marsh and her helpers is provided by a recent demand for hospitality.

An officer in Bathurst wrote asking for accommodation for 179 men coming to Sydney.

In the end 811 men turned up at the League's office at 26 O'Connell Street, seeking accommodation, and it was not until 11.30 that night that Miss Marsh finished phoning the homes of people willing to provide hospitality for them.

"Men come to us from all States as well as from far outback, and most of them ask to be accommodated somewhere near the city," said Miss Marsh. "Unfortunately, most of the homes willing to receive them are on the north side of the harbor, which means expensive fares for the men. We have overcome the difficulty by handing the men their invitations in envelopes in which their fares are also enclosed.

"Certainly the lives of our soldiers would be poorer without the Hospitality League. These lonely men like nothing better than to be accepted as members of a family. Frequently we ask them if they mind children, and their answer has invariably been that they love children. **Never once have they abused the hospitality given them, and every day brings letters of appreciation, not only from the men themselves, but from the officers commanding them, thanking us for our work.**

MISS ANNE MARSH

"Frequently the League is called upon to find homes for the children of soldiers whose wives are in hospital. Whenever the men who pass through the depot are in hospital, they are visited and taken books, cigarettes and tobacco."

Listeners who are interested in the work will hear news of League activities in the Hospitality League Session, broadcast from 2GB every Friday at 10.55 a.m., Sunday at 12.15 p.m.

CUTS quickly healed

READ HOW REXONA OINTMENT HELPED THIS BUSHMAN IN A NASTY ACCIDENT

"My friend cut in between his big toe to a depth of two inches, and as we were 15 miles from the nearest township, something had to be done, and once again 'Rexona Ointment' did the trick . . . I cleaned the wound and put Rexona Ointment into the open gash and left the bandage on for two weeks. When he took it off the wound, it was one of the cleanest I have ever seen."

(R. J. Foster, Bulimba, Brisbane, Q.)

Just another proof of Rexona's wonderful healing power! Even the smallest cut or scratch needs this protection against infection. You'll be amazed how swiftly this cool, soothing ointment takes away smart and sting, how gently its healing medications bind broken tissues and aid in forming new healthy skin. But don't wait till accidents happen! Be prepared. Have Rexona handy *always!* 25 years proved success in Australia. Ask your chemist.

1/7 PER TIN

Also extra large tins, three times the quantity, for 3/2.

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9½d. per tablet. *(City and Suburbs).*

O.1.32a

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devitalizing effect of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. "Vanix" is a product of The Van Schuylee (Aust.) Co., and is obtainable at 5/9 a bottle (posted 6/1) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 319 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Snell's Pharmacy, 372 Lt. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 250 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

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Cultivate but do not destroy our . . .

NATIVE FLOWERS

WHEN motorists and tourists visit the bush in search of wildflowers they cause incalculable harm to our native flora by their attempts to "bring 'em back alive."

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

THEY pull the plants up by the roots and discover on their arrival home that they are dead.

Legislation has been passed in all States to protect flowers, ferns, orchids and even trees that have become scarce, but despite many prosecutions and the utmost vigilance on the part of rangers, police, and even horticultural societies, the destruction goes on.

Unfortunately much of the damage done concerns varieties that do not seed very well or do not transplant satisfactorily.

Every State in the Commonwealth has some varieties which years ago were plentiful, but require careful searching for to-day.

Thanks to seedsmen and nurserymen, however, many of these plants have been taken in hand commercially in recent years, and some of the more beautiful are likely to be saved for posterity.

It is now unlikely that the waratah, the flannel flower, callistemon, kangaroo paw, some of the boronias, the Christmas bushes, hakeas, grevilleas, and crotolarias will ever die out.

Potted plants are always available, and there is a growing movement among nurserymen to add to the list of cultivated native flora.

The beautiful mint bush (prostanthera ovalifolia) has been adopted by the nurseryman for some years now, and tens of thousands of these shrubs are now in cultivation.

The same happened years ago with the silky oak, the Tasmanian blue gum, the red, pink, and orange-flowering eucalypts of West Australia, and many other lovely trees.

This year for the first time in history enormous quantities of Sturt's Desert Pea seed (Clianthus Dampieri) have been marketed in eastern States, and the plant has been popularised as never before.

Many of our native helichrysums, or everlasting flowers, and scores of other lovely little plants like chorizemas, didiscus (lavender lace flower), most of the sarcochilus orchids, sprengelia, the leptospermums, stenocarpus, currawongs, native cherries and tetrathecas would add grace to any garden.

A STARRY PROFUSION of flannel flowers growing in a natural bush setting surpasses the well-ordered trimness of man-made gardens.

Our flora astonishes visitors yet we make very little of it, and few gardens contain more than a single specimen from the bush.

We have flowers in Australia that are found nowhere else in the world. Not only are they of extraordinary shape, but their diversity of color, multiplicity of species, and exquisite grace and beauty are unrivalled.

Then again, they are natives and therefore more suited to the conditions of heat, drought, violent changes in temperature and soil peculiarities than most introduced plants.

There is no reason in the world why nurserymen should not take to the propagation of these lovely native species, not only for the purpose of perpetuating them, but in order to brighten up our gardens.

Hardy native flora

IN seasons such as have been experienced in eastern States during the last seven years (almost continual drought), imported plants shrubs and trees have suffered severely, and the brightest spots on the landscape round our big cities and towns are populated with native flowers, upon which nature has bestowed special gifts enabling them to withstand arid conditions.

Gardeners wishing to assist in the laudable task of perpetuating our native flora are urged not to go out into the bush and "bring 'em back alive," but to obtain nursery-grown specimens, for they stand a much better chance of surviving.

In every case the gardener, if he or she is uncertain of the natural habitat of a certain desired plant, shrub or native tree, should ask the seller.

Most of the plants that do well in our gardens are natives of the coastal brushes, although many are real outbackers from the arid hills and plains.

The brush plants require moisture and moderately rich soil, and the dry-area plants less water and sandy or porous soil, but, nevertheless, cool conditions for their roots.

Finally, the writer urges gardeners to grow more Australian plants, to buy books on the subject, and to learn their names, habits and peculiarities, for nowhere else in the world can such weird or wonderful flowers be found.

Have You Checked Your Weight Lately

HAVE you checked your weight recently? If you haven't why not get weighed at your chemist's? If you find that you're putting on unwanted fat, start reducing with Bile Beans.

Just a couple of Bile Beans nightly and that surplus fat gradually melts away, leaving slender, fashionable curves.

With unwanted fat gone (Bile Beans often remove 10 lbs. a month), your energy, fitness and vitality will improve enormously.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and the safe approved way of healthy slimming. You can't do better than begin a course tonight.

"I was rather upset when I heard that friends were commenting about my increasing weight. But in Bile Beans I found the very thing which surely and safely removed my surplus fat, and helped me to regain my girlish figure."
—Miss G. Newton.

MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT!
BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

BILE BEANS
The Sure Way to Health & Slenderness

You buy refills only—Save 3d every time

The New Ivory-White Moulded Container for

Gibbs Dentifrice
IN THE 1/6 SIZE

Good news for housewives who watch the pennies! Your favourite dentifrice now in an elegant, long-lasting container. Now—instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice you buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d. whenever you make a purchase!

Gibbs saves your money as well as teeth

But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size lasts the average person 216 days—*weeks longer than any other dentifrice!* It's a sure protection against decay. At all chemists and stores.

Large Moulded Container, 1/6. Large Refills, 1/3

G.14.20

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A DELICIOUS NEW SWEET

. . . wins first prize

SEND us your pet recipe. All you have to do to enter this weekly competition is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

For the best recipe received a prize of £1 is awarded, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

● You will want to try every one of these mouth-watering new recipes . . . and whether your taste is sweet or savory you'll find brand new dishes here that are guaranteed to become family favorites.

CARAMEL RHUBARB

Half pound pastry (shortcrust), 2oz. butter, 3 cups rhubarb (prepared and cut in small pieces), ½lb. brown sugar.

Grease a pudding basin very thickly with butter and sprinkle over it half the sugar, pressing it gently into butter. Roll out two-thirds of pastry, line basin with it, mix rhubarb with remainder of sugar and put into basin. Roll out remaining pastry, cover rhubarb, tie greased paper on top and bake 2 hours in moderate oven. When turned on to a hot dish surface will be covered with caramel.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Edith Dawson, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

ONE-EGG MOCHA CAKE

One and a quarter cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 tablespoons butter, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, and cocoa three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and beat until light and fluffy. Add yolk and vanilla essence, beat well. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat until smooth. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-white. Bake in a greased loaf pan in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.

Frosting: 1½ cups icing sugar, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons coffee, 1 tablespoon milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Mix sugar and cocoa, add coffee and milk and vanilla essence, and beat until smooth. Spread on top and sides of cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. J. Pollard, Ridgley, Mole St., Teneriffe, Brisbane.

COCKTAIL JAM

Half pound dried apricots, 2 large quinces, 2 pears, 2 apples, 4 bananas, juice of 2 lemons.

Soak apricots overnight with 5 large cups of water. Peel and seed other fruits, cut fine, and weigh. To every pound of fruit allow ½lb. sugar. Boil over a slow fire for three hours or until it jellies. Stir well all the time. Bottle while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Frith, 29 Thompson St., Drummoyne, N.S.W.

WHOLEMEAL, NUT, AND HONEY BREAD

Two cups wholemeal flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup white flour, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup honey, 1 cup milk.

Sift two flours, baking powder and salt together, add chopped nuts, then stir in beaten egg, honey, and milk beaten together. Mix to a soft dough. Turn into a well-greased bread tin and bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Mitchell, McDonald Ave., Paxton, N.S.W.

SPICY APPLE RELISH

Two cups sugar, 2/3rd cup vinegar, 6 large green apples, 1 medium onion, 1 cup golden syrup, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ tablespoon dry mustard, ½ tablespoon ginger.

Core and quarter apples, chop coarsely and put in a saucepan with syrup, sugar, and vinegar. Cook ½ hour or until apples are transparent. Add rest of ingredients and mix well. Boil ½ hour, stirring frequently. Pour into sterilised glasses and seal immediately.

Leave for 10 days before using.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Reeder, 9 Swindon Rd., Oakleigh SE12, Vic.

APRICOT AMBER

Quarter pound butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons milk, juice of 2 lemons, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 large tin apricots, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, rind of 1 lemon.

Cream butter and 2 tablespoons sugar and add milk to which juice of 1 lemon has been added. Sift in flour, roll out, and line tin.

Remove syrup from apricots, pulp fruit, and add well-beaten egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons sugar, and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Place this in shell and bake till set. Make a stiff meringue, pile on top, and brown in slow oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. W. Best, Sydenham, Upper Manilla, N.S.W.

HEALTH CAKE

One and three-quarter cups wholemeal flour, ½ cup butter, 2-3rd cup honey, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, little nutmeg, pinch salt, ½ cup milk, 1 cup chopped dates.

Cream butter and honey, add beaten eggs. Sift dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture alternately with ½ cup milk. Lastly add chopped dates which have been heated in oven for several minutes. Bake in well-greased square or oblong tin in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Ruston, Picton Pde., Manly, Qld.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS: When buying a frock with white trimmings be sure that they are removable for laundering. This cadet-blue suit has detachable collar and cuffs, and the mandarin-red hat is trimmed with a white band which can also be detached.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES...

TO save on stocking expenditure don't wear sheer sandal hosiery with walking shoes. Buy a thicker pair of stockings for your heavy shoes. They look much better and are less expensive.

WHEN buying your winter suit beware of three things: One, don't choose a snug-sleeved coat, they wear through too quickly at the elbows. Two, a full-lined coat will wear better and fit better than a partly-lined one, and three, be sure that there is plenty of room at shoulder and waist and a deep hem as your suit should last next year as well.

IF you cannot afford to buy first-class furniture for every room in your home, be sure to buy the best quality for the living-room as that has the hardest wear.

not three separate processes

but ONE

when you use

BISTO

the gravy maker for all meat dishes

In 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. packets and ½ lb. and 1 lb. tins.

"It has to work fast . . . but it mustn't scratch!"

Check up on *safety* as well as *speed* when you pick a cleanser. Harsh, gritty cleansers scratch and dull porcelain—make it hard to clean. Why run this risk, when Bon Ami is so quick, so thorough—*and absolutely safe?* It contains no harsh caustics, no coarse, gritty ingredients. Instead of scratching, Bon Ami leaves a smooth, *glistening polish* on your kitchen and bathroom equipment. Order a tin today.

Bon Ami

the safe, quick-acting cleanser

"hasn't scratched yet!"

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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APPLE GARLAND TEA-CAKE. This cake is delicious for tea or supper, and is quite economical to make. Flavored with cinnamon and sprinkled with chopped peanuts.

Ways to use APPLES

● Here are recipes for cooking exciting new apple dishes and for old-time favorites as well. Use apples frequently, for this fruit is just full of health-giving elements —vitamins A, B, and C, and minerals potassium, sodium, magnesium, phosphorus. Eat apples raw — give them to the children between meals—and turn them into delectable sweet dishes, drinks, jam, or add to fancy breads and cakes.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

APPLES are among the best and most useful fruits.

Ideal for cooking or eating raw they always maintain their popularity. Hasn't simple apple pie been a first favorite for so long that its beginning is lost in the dim past of great-great-grandmother's day?

So try these recipes—you'll like them.

APPLE CASSOLETTES

Six ounces short or biscuit pastry, 2 cups stewed unsweetened apple, 1 tablespoon ground almonds or 2 drops of almond essence, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, mint sprigs.

Line deep patty tins with the pastry, prick well and cook in a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) for 7 minutes. Whip the egg-yolks into the apple, almond meal, and 3 tablespoons icing sugar. Cook slowly for 5 minutes. Pile into the pastry cases. Beat the egg-whites stiffly, whip in the remaining icing sugar and pipe on top of the cases. Lightly brown and serve hot or cold, garnished with mint sprigs.

WHOLEMEAL APPLE MUFFINS

Three-quarter cup self-raising white flour, ¼ cup self-raising wholemeal flour, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, 1½ cups grated apple, cinnamon.

Sift flours and nutmeg, rub in butter and add sugar. Mix quickly and lightly to a soft dough with the beaten eggs and milk. Put spoonfuls of the mixture in deep, greased patty tins. Cover thickly with grated apple sprinkled lightly with cinnamon and top with more muffin mixture. Cook in a moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

CANDIED APPLE DOWDY

Four cooking apples, ¾ cup brown sugar, rind and juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, ½ cup warm water, 1 tablespoon butter.

Pastry: One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk.

Peel and slice the apples and place in layers in a greased oven dish with the sugar and spices. Cover with slivers of butter; add the water. Make the crust by sifting the flour, baking powder and salt, rubbing in the butter and mixing to a soft dough with the milk. Roll to about ½-inch thick, make a cross slit in centre and place over the apples. Cook in a slow oven (temp. 325 deg. F.) for about 1½ hours. Serve with thick cream, slightly sweetened and flavored with nutmeg.

APPLE GINGERBREAD

Three cups flour, 2½ teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 3 cups apple pulp, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ½lb. butter, ¾ cup treacle, 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Sift the flour, ginger and bicarbonate of soda together. Rub in the butter and add the sugar. Slightly warm the treacle and combine with the milk and beaten egg. Pour into the dry ingredients, stirring well. Place the apple pulp in a shallow, greased cake tin and sprinkle with cinnamon; cover with the gingerbread mixture. Bake in the centre of a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

FROSTED APPLE SHERBET

Three-quarter cup sugar, 1-3rd cup water, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 egg-whites, 2 cups apple pulp, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Combine the sugar, water, salt and syrup and boil slowly until the mixture will spin a thread in cold water. Beat the egg-whites until stiff; pour the syrup into them, beating well. Fold in the apple pulp, lemon juice and vanilla. Pour into the freezing tray of a refrigerator; when partly frozen, whip well and return and finish freezing. Excellent after the roast meat of a formal dinner menu or for a light luncheon sweet.

APPLE GINGER

Four pounds apples, all-yellow or all-green, 4lb. sugar, 2oz. essence ginger, 1 quart water.

Pare and core apples, and cut into shapes as much like ginger-root as possible. Boil the sugar with the water for 25 minutes. Keep the syrup boiling quickly while you add the apples and essence of ginger. Stir as little as possible. The mixture will take about an hour to clear and become yellow. Skim it well and pour into jars. Cover while hot.

APPLE GARLAND TEA-CAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups sweetened apple pulp, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped peanuts.

Cream the butter and sugar well, add the beaten egg and then the sifted flour alternately with the milk. Turn onto a lightly-floured board and knead lightly. Roll to an oblong shape about 1-3rd inch thick, spread with apple pulp and sprinkle with cinnamon. Roll into a long roll and shape into a ring. Mark into sections on the top with a sharp knife or scissors, glaze with milk or milk and egg, and sprinkle with chopped peanuts. Cook in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes.

SAVORY BAKED APPLES
(For Pork or Mutton)

Six medium apples, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1 cup breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, 1 dessertspoon bacon fat or beef dripping, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 egg or 2 tablespoons milk.

Wash and core the apples and score the skin evenly in four places from the top to the centre. Combine the crumbs, fat, parsley and onion, pepper and salt to taste and the beaten egg or milk. Brush the apples with lemon juice or vinegar and stuff with the bread seasoning. Place on a thickly greased oven tray, cover with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serve with hot roast pork or mutton.

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The Doctor Tells You What to do

ABOUT BACKACHE

PATIENT: Doctor, I've been worried for the last few months about this pain in my back. Do you think it could be a symptom of kidney trouble?

DOCTOR: It is more likely that backache of this type is a symptom of "chassis" trouble—or, in strictly medical terms, a result of faulty posture.

This may be due simply to bad habits of sitting and standing—sitting for long periods in a hunched-over fashion, or standing lazily with round shoulders and flat chest.

Long standing on high (and narrow) heels also puts an unnatural strain on the spine and muscles of the back.

But more commonly this posture trouble begins right in your own home. You may be very proud of your home, with its modern furnishings, modern design, labor-saving devices, too.

But are you sure that it suits YOU? Your kitchen table, for instance, is it just so high that you can work at it comfortably standing erect, with your back straight?

Or must you bend over to work at some awkward angle? Awkward, that is, for the muscles of your back!

Your stove, too—must you stoop each time you open your oven? What about your ironing-board, not to mention your wash-tubs? Are they placed at a convenient level to suit your particular height?

We hear and read a great deal these days about industrial hygiene and the measures taken to safeguard the health and comfort of workers.

This marks a great advance in preventive medicine, but it applies mostly to factory workers. Why not apply it also in the home?

Many cases of backache can be traced to this simple and easily-remediable cause.

Likewise many cases of backache are found among partially deaf or short-sighted individuals who, because of their affliction, are continually peering forward or leaning to one side in order to see or hear the better.

The unnatural attitude, if taken up often or continuously, puts a very real strain on the muscles and bones of the back.

Nevertheless a pain in the back, especially if persistent, may be an indication of some more serious internal complaint, and therefore is worthy of a medical examination.

Pain in the back may occasionally be a sign of disease of the kidneys, although not so commonly as many people believe. (Kidney trouble is only rarely accompanied by backache!)

It may also be a sympton of gallstones, gastric or duodenal ulcer, lumbago, arthritis, or injury to the spinal bones or the spinal cord itself.

Even the best physicians often find it difficult to diagnose the cause of backache and therefore to prescribe effective treatment.

For the only way to treat backache successfully is to correct the condition which is causing it.

It is easy enough to remove the symptom by means of drugs, but this action should not be continued, as the underlying cause is thereby hidden, not corrected, and delay in proper treatment may be serious.

In fact, one of the chief dangers of backache lies in eagerness to drug the pain and forget the cause. Relieving the pain is quite all right as long as you do not neglect to treat the cause.

So, you can see, pain in the back may arise from a host of different causes—some of them serious, some of them not so serious.

But all you need to remember is this—as soon as backache becomes either chronic or severe it needs medical investigation.

• *THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS have a special admiration for Scottish soldiers, hence their interest in the bagpipes and in dressing up in Scottish caps. Left to right: Emilie, Yvonne, Marie, Cecile.*

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

THERE are many ways during infancy and childhood in which the well-being of the eyes can be impaired by ignorance or carelessness, leading to eye troubles in later life.

Among other things the glare and dust of a hot, dry summer, if the eyes are not protected and cared for, can do untold harm.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Lady Kinross nurses now . . .

—but despite long, tiring hours she keeps her skin flawless with Pond's two creams

QUESTION TO LADY KINROSS:
Now you are so busy with war work, Lady Kinross, how do you find the time to take good care of your complexion?

ANSWER:
Nothing could be simpler than my complexion care! I use Pond's two creams regularly, and always take a supply with me wherever I go. I've no need to bother with anything else. They really work marvels — especially with a skin like mine which is very sensitive.

QUESTION TO LADY KINROSS:
But surely, with such a sensitive, delicate complexion, Lady Kinross, you would need some very special and elaborate beauty treatment?

ANSWER:
I've found from experience that the simplest beauty care does most for my skin. Pond's two creams have done more to keep my complexion in good condition than any amount of expensive or elaborate beauty preparations.

Lady Kinross is the wife of Baron Kinross. She is tall, very slender, blue-eyed, with dark hair and a flawlessly delicate complexion. Before the war, Lady Kinross studied painting in London and abroad. She has taken up nursing as her war work.

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN FOLLOW THE POND'S BEAUTY METHOD

It can bring YOU new loveliness

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night before bed.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/3 tubes, 1/1 jars and generous 2/8 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much. (Including Sales Tax.)

FREE! *Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glaro-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

RACHEL ☐	ROSE BRUNETTE ☐	SUNTAN ☐
LIGHT CREAM ☐	NATURAL ☐	LIGHT NATURAL ☐

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FOR YOUR FIGURE . . .

THESE exercises evolved by Hollywood beauty culture experts are just marvellous for your figure and health. Practised daily they will help to give you a straight spine, so necessary for good posture and relief of nervous tension. They help also to slim down hips, waistline, and thighs, broaden your shoulders, take kinks out of your neck, and give better lines to your legs.

In other words, these are normalising exercises for the whole figure.

By JANETTE

● *FOR HIPS, shoulders, and spine, and for general loosening up. Stand with arms out at sides, and keeping knees straight bend and touch right foot with left hand. Reverse action and repeat whole exercise ten times.*

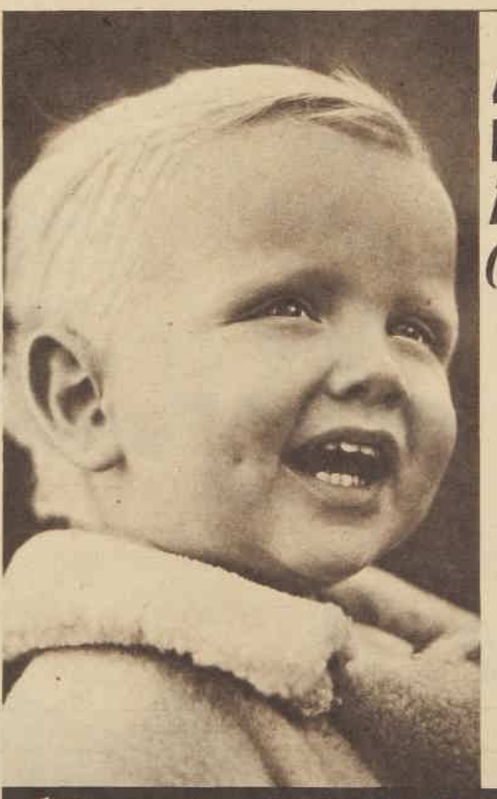
● *FOR GRACEFUL carriage, better posture, and for improving thighs, calves, and ankles. Stand upright, arms stretched sideways, and in one movement kick right leg over to left and swing torso round to right, raising yourself on left toe to do so. Reverse the movement.*

☆

● *FOR SPINE, shoulders, waistline, and abdomen. Sit on floor with legs crossed and arms outstretched in front. Swing body from one side to the other, touching the floor with the hands as you do so. Repeat five to ten times.*

● *FOR SPINE, legs, arms, and for strengthening abdominal muscles. Lie on floor, arms outstretched above head, legs spread apart scissors fashion. Raise body without moving legs, and touch space between legs with fingers. Return to original position and repeat exercise.*

● *FOR GRACEFULNESS and slender legs. Stand astride, shift weight to left leg, swinging arms over to left as you do so. Then swing to right. For all these exercises wear loose clothing—shorts and shirt—to give perfect freedom of movement.*



LIFE'S FUN WHEN YOU'RE FEELING FINE!
(Not Like Yesterday)

YESTERDAY, he was cross, miserable and unhappy. Today he's brimming over with health and fun and energy.

What wrought such a wonderful change? . . . A wise Mother who knows that, in 90% of cases, "crabby" days are due to Faulty Elimination (irregularity in the daily health routine).

Genuine Laxettes are mild, gentle yet effective. They cause no pain or discomfort, yet quickly stimulate the intestinal muscles to normal health and regularity, and cleanse the system of all waste and impurities.

For more than 30 years Genuine Laxettes have been famed as the ideal laxative for children. They're absolutely SAFE—free from harsh purgatives, intestinal irritants and habit-forming drugs. Get a tin today; kiddies love the chocolate flavour.

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO.
388 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C.1

Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with Genuine LAXETTES

STANDARD TIN 1/7½
Trial Size 6½d

Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores

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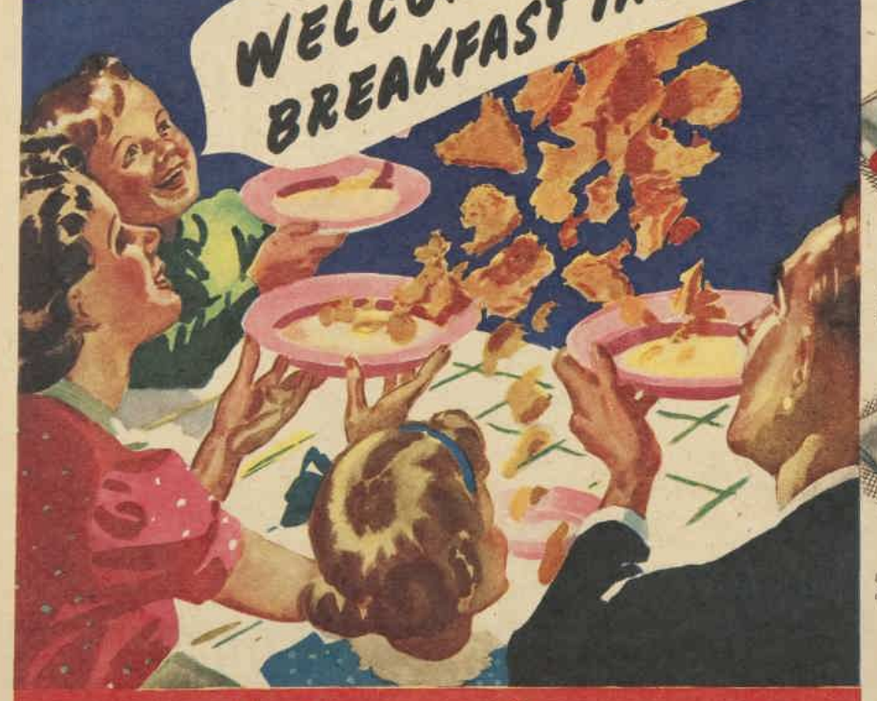
A NEW HEALTH STAR IS BORN

ENJOY THIS NEW AND HEALTHFUL CORN FLAKE THRILL

Sanitarium Corn Flakes have received an enthusiastic reception from Australian housewives...and little wonder, for Sanitarium Corn Flakes are not only manufactured (as are all of the famous Sanitarium Health Food family) in such a way that Nature's healthful elements are retained . . . but Sanitarium Corn Flakes are the new Corn Flakes WITH THE SPECIALLY DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.

Taste them for yourself . . . They will win your instant approval. Sanitarium Corn Flakes need no cooking and are ready to serve in any number of appetizing ways . . . Energy producing and nourishing, Sanitarium Corn Flakes are a grand fuel food, easily digested and readily assimilated....They come to you packed in an inner air-tight waxed box.

WELCOME TO OUR BREAKFAST TABLE

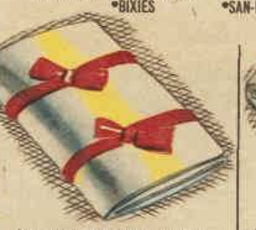


THERE'S A WEALTH OF HEALTH IN **Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS**

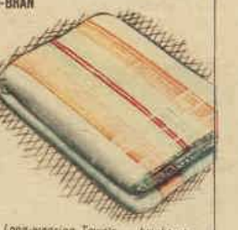
GET YOUR FREE GIFTS QUICKER

Sanitarium Corn Flakes also carry Free Gift Coupons which COMBINE with coupons from any of the following Sanitarium Health Foods for free and useful household gifts.

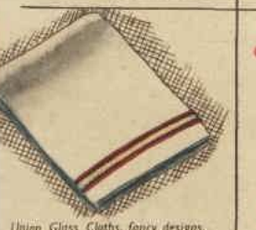
- GRANOSE
- GRANOLA
- MARMITE
- KWIC-BRU
- NUT MEATS
- PEANUT BUTTER
- DIABETIC MEAL
- CERIX PUFFED RICE
- BAKED BEANS
- BIXIES
- GLUTEN MEAL
- WEET-BIX
- GRAINUT
- GLUTEN BISCUITS
- PROTOSE
- SAN-BRAN
- NUT CHEESE
- DIABETIC ROLLS
- CERIX PUFFED WHEAT
- SOYA BEANS



Selected Hospital Sheets—hemmed, size 54 in x 90 in. 5 years' guarantee. Each **108** *Points. Postage 1/. Queensland 1/6d.*



Long-wearing Towels — bright attractive designs and guaranteed colours. Each **122** *Points. Postage 6d.*



Union Glass Cloths, fancy designs, approximate size 22 in. x 32 in. **50** *Points. Postage 3d.*

These are a few only of the scores of useful and valuable household gifts offered. Write to the nearest Sanitarium Food Depot for a complete list

WHAT TO DO: All gifts are available at the following addresses:—

SYDNEY . . . . . 13 Hunter Street.
MELBOURNE . . York House, Little Collins Street, Opp. Australia Arcade.
PERTH . . . . . Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay Street.
HOBART . . . . . 43 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON . . 82 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE . . Cnr. Tudor Street and Parkway Avenue, Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.

This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT — Wartime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

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Furnishing and decorating the

ENTRANCE HALL

CORNER of a hall beneath a staircase. Here two Old-World chairs, a little table, and corner china cupboard give atmosphere.

SUITABLE FURNITURE for a fairly large hall—long narrow table placed against the wall holding twin electric candelabra and big glass fruit dish. Window drapes are plain burgundy velvet to harmonise with pale green carpet and deep cream walls.

SOME ideas for giving your hall interest, friendly atmosphere, color and light, and details about the kind of furniture to use.

QUITE often the one part of a house that seems to be most difficult to furnish suitably and attractively is the hall.

Actually the entrance hall should set the keynote for the furnishings throughout the home. It should be light and cheerful, as simple as possible, especially when the area is small, yet distinctive.

It is a mistake to clutter up an entrance hall with a lot of furniture. Usually all that is necessary is a kind of hall table, a chair, a hanging mirror, warm, cheery lighting, and a rug on the floor or wall-to-wall carpeting. A built-in cupboard for coats is, of course, an asset.

Light colors

AS few halls are naturally very bright, a light color scheme so that this part of the house will appear as large and spacious as possible is best.

Light colors such as yellow, pale green, cream, or pale blue are good. In the small home it is safest to have the hall and all rooms in the one color. This gives an effect of space and unity.

As to furniture—a table is almost a necessity. Suitable types are available for practically all kinds of halls. If the hall is very tiny, don't have a table at all. Have instead a narrow strip of painted wood attached to one of the walls. Fit it with hinges so that it can be folded down when required.

As a rule a picture or a mirror hung above the hall table is decorative and gives a sense of balance, but avoid a number of pictures or ornaments in this part of the house.

If you choose a few pieces well, the bare walls will enhance their beauty. A beautiful chair or a big vase of flowers will stand out in lovely relief.

If using curtains, avoid a strong color contrast. The most pleasing effect will be obtained by having walls, carpet, and curtains all in harmonising shades.

ABOVE: Simple furniture for modern hall — a small table which can be used for telephoning and writing, a practical chair, centre rug on parquet floor.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

RIGHT: This large hall is furnished with a wrought-iron table with glass top, upholstered settee with wrought - iron legs over which hangs a large mirror, and wall-to-wall carpeting.

For illumination, concealed lighting is excellent in a hall because it diffuses the light over walls and ceiling and gives a soft, friendly atmosphere.

If you have to rely on a central fitting, then have an indirect shade fitted. Nothing is more trying or disconcerting to a visitor than to step into a hall fiercely bright from a light beating down from a centre fixture.

Wall brackets on either side of a mirror or picture are attractive and practical.

When petrol runs out by the way,
Avoid a tempestuous display.
In Stockings by Kayser
You'll be a good pacer ;
—Lovely legs help a girl on her way !

Definitely I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW!

For that "on your toes" swagger, flaunt the flawless elegance of KAYSER stockings ! Colour counts—and KAYSER'S subtle shades are a compliment to lovely frocks. Mir-O-Kleer Sheers for glamour you can see through ! Service Sheers for day-in day-out dependability. Twyn-Sylks for all round economy.

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Lovely Kayser Pure Silk Mir-O-Kleer Fully Fashioned Sheers from 5/11

"If they fit the ankle without a wrinkle—they're KAYSER"

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THIN CAPTAIN

A plain cracker with the scalloped edge slightly raised for the practical purpose of holding savouries. Equally pleasant spread with butter, cheese, or jam. . . .

BUTTER NUT COOKIE

Here is an every-age cookie with a rich, fresh, butter flavour, blended deliciously with a nuttiness and crunchy crispness. Butter Nut Cookies are already in the front rank of popularity.

SPICY CRUNCH

This new biscuit, with its sweet, spicy flavour is quite distinctive. The specially-blended spices are combined with other toothsome ingredients so as to form a very delicious crunchy biscuit. . . . . .

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Don't Delay—Help the Red Cross To-day!

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